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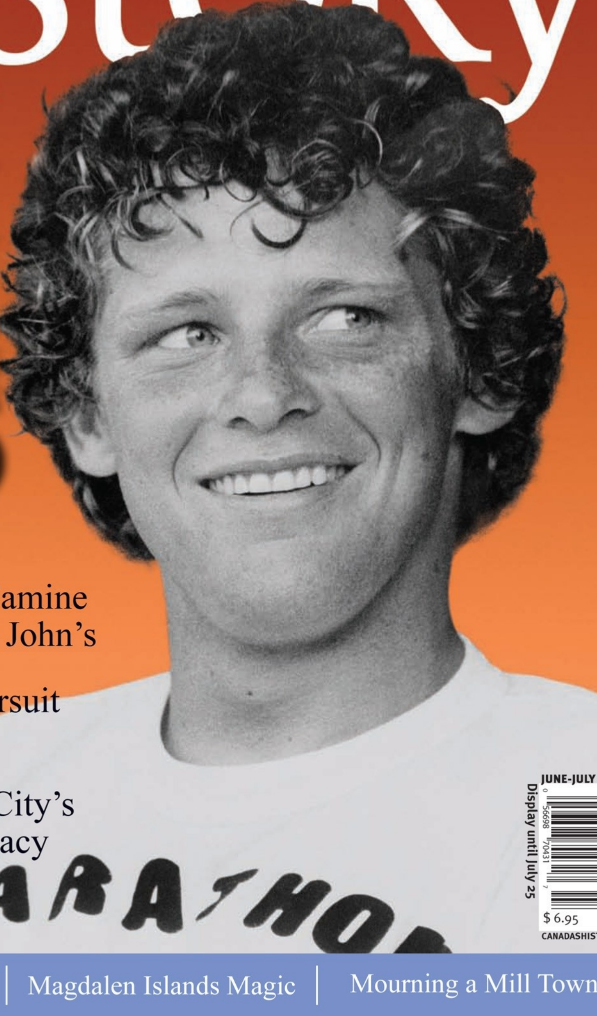

TERRY FOX REMEMBERING OUR CANADIAN HERO

by Leslie Scrivener, the Toronto Star columnist who covered Terry's journey.

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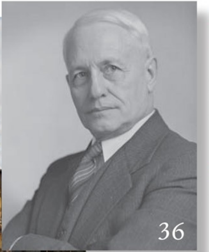

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COVER: CORBIS

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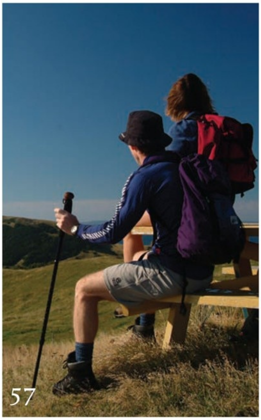

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Canada

Sharing the road

Growing up in northern Nova Scotia in the early eighties carried with it many blessings. Choice in television programming was not one of them. Our television signals came from either Charlottetown or Moncton, and if we contorted the rabbit ears on our boxy television just so, we could receive a grand total of two channels: CBC and ATV. This was the pre-information age. There were no round-the-clock news stations to broadcast major events, and the only things tweeting were the birds.

When Terry Fox began his Marathon of Hope in April 1980, I was eight years old. Our community had no daily newspaper, nor was there a local radio station to bring us regular reports of Terry's progress. I don't remember there being much fanfare when he ran through our county on his way across Canada; in truth, I think I was barely aware of his run.

Fast-forward three years. I'm sitting in our living room, watching television, when a made-for-TV movie comes on the screen. It's *The Terry Fox Story*, a dramatization of Terry's life that would win six Genie Awards in 1984. The film affected me deeply. It was my first introduction to the concept of cancer as a serious and deadly disease. I remember feeling afraid afterwards. Terry's cancer had seemed so random — if it could happen to him, I thought, then it could happen to me, or to someone I loved. I was also staggered by Terry's bravery, and by his willingness to sacrifice his health, and his life, for others.

Thirty years after his death in June 1981, Terry Fox's legacy of inspiration and aspiration looms large. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been raised in his name for cancer research, and millions of people in Canada and around the world continue to venerate him.

As for me, I'm filled with regret — regret that I never got a chance to meet Fox in person, that I was not one of the tens of thousands of Canadians who cheered him on his journey. The crowds buoyed Terry. He wrote in his diary, after visiting Charlottetown: "There were lots of people out to cheer me on and support me. Incredible!"

Leslie Scrivener, the *Toronto Star* columnist and author of *Terry Fox: His Story*, covered the Marathon of Hope as a young reporter. In "Terry and Me," she shares her memories of the young runner many believe is Canada's greatest hero.

For more information on the fight against cancer, go to CanadasHistory.ca/magazine.

Also in this issue: the story of a former uranium mining town in Saskatchewan struggling to deal with a legacy of environmental pollution; the tale of nineteenth-century Newfoundland's unluckiest governor; and part three of our special six-part series on Parks Canada's centennial — a profile of the man who built our National Historic Sites and national parks system.

Last fall, for the first time since elementary school, I ran in the Terry Fox Run. I ran for my grandfather, who died of cancer, and for my aunts, who both, thankfully, survived the disease. I'll be running again this September, and I hope to be sharing the road with many *Canada's History* readers.

Mark Reid

MARIANNE HELM

Contributors

E. J. (Ted) Hart's article about James Harkin — "Quiet Crusader" — is in part drawn from the insights he gained as the director of Banff's Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies. Now retired, Hart continues to serve as the museum's director emeritus. He has published fifteen books on mountain, railway, and park history, his most recent being *J. B. Harkin, Father of Canada's National Parks*. He lives in Fairmont Hot Springs, B.C.

Paul Butler, who wrote "Winter of the Rals," is the author of several historical novels, including *Cupids*, *Hero*, *1892*, *NaGeira*, *Easton's Gold*, *Easton*, and *Stoker's Shadow*. His work has appeared on the judges' lists for Canada Reads and the ReLit Award longlist. He is also a four-time winner in the Government of Newfoundland and Labrador Arts and Letters Awards. Butler has written for various publications and also contributes to CBC Radio. He lives in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Leslie Scrivener, who wrote "Terry and Me," is a reporter with the *Toronto Star* who holds a Master of Journalism degree from the University of Western Ontario. She covered Terry Fox's Marathon of Hope in 1980 and followed his progress across Canada in a weekly column in the *Star*. When Fox stopped his run, he knew someone would want to write his biography. "It might as well be you," he told her. *Terry Fox: His Story* was published in 1981.

Arn Keeling, author of "Atomic Outpost," is a historical geographer at Memorial University of Newfoundland in St. John's. At Memorial, he teaches cultural and historical geography, and studies the history of mining and mine abandonment in northern Canada. To learn more about the Abandoned Mines in Northern Canada project, go to www.niche-canada.org/mining. His academic article on the history of Uranium City is in *The Canadian Geographer* 54:2 (2010).

Quite a site

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I read with interest the article "10 Best Historic Sites" (February–March 2011). We were fortunate to see many national parks when I was a few years younger in 1945 and afterwards. My father, who taught history and English at Ontario Agriculture College, now part of the University of Guelph, was a firm believer in seeing your own country before travellling elsewhere.

This sent me leafing though the file of our trip through some of the northern parts of the 2,400-kilometre Northern Woods and Water Route that runs through Western Canada, which my husband and I took in 1997.

In your article, I expected to see Queenston Heights, Ontario, among the sites and thought of Brock's monument. I realize the monument is not in a national park but is a National Historic Site. However, the whole area is beautiful. Your issue of *Canada's History* featuring "10 Best Historic Sites" was wonderful reading, as are all issues.

BARBARA LOWELL
POWELL RIVER, B.C.

Rolling back the years

I found your article "Baby Business" on page 61 of the February–March 2011 issue most interesting.

I am eighty-four years old and have a cradle roll certificate dated 1931, which states I have been promoted from cradle roll to the beginner's department of the Trinity United Sunday School of Capreol, Ontario. The certificate (still in quite good condition) is approximately nine by twelve inches. On the upper left is a drawing of Jesus surrounded by sheep, a lamb in his arms, and his shepherd's crook. This is superimposed on a sheaf of white and yellow roses. The printed information detailed on this page is on the lower right. It is a beautiful piece of art and would probably have stayed in my treasure box another eighty years had I not read your article about discovering a cradle roll certificate in the back of an old frame from a garage sale.

I also have a similar certificate of baptism dated February 15, 1927. After all these years, I am about to have these certificates framed. We have a new great-granddaughter who someday, I hope, will find them of sentimental value.

Thank you for your interesting article.

MARGARET HALL
VIA EMAIL

Picture-perfect memory

The reference to Dr. Frederick Banting in the Currents section of the February–March 2011, issue brought back a long-ago memory for me.

In the mid-1930s, I had summer jobs at Jasper Lodge, Alberta. In 1934, I believe it was, I was a bellboy. One of our routines was to take newly arrived guests to their rooms or cabins, along with their carry-on baggage.

One day, my allotted guest was Dr. Banting. At my age then, I had no idea of his reputation or background.

After bringing him his luggage, he asked me, rather sternly I thought, what my bellboy number was. I replied, "Number nine." He then said that I should be at his door at eight o'clock the next morning. When I replied that my shift would not be until noon, he replied, "Be here at eight anyway."

The next morning he asked me to help him carry some painting items to an isolated small lake within a couple of miles of the lodge. We carried a small easel, some tubes of paint, brushes, and several cedar shingles. He then announced, almost gruffly, that I should return from the lodge at noon with two sandwiches and two bottles of beer, which I did. I then returned at four to help him back to the lodge.

This daily routine continued for two weeks. On the last day, back at his cabin, he thanked me and smiled, the first time I had seen him do that. He also gave me a twenty-dollar bill — a fortune at that time — and one of the cedar shingles on which he had painted scenes of the mountains and lakes. To top it all, he shook my hand.

Your article in *Canada's History* renewed a memorable experience for me, especially after I understood what a wonderful contribution he and his partners had made to this world.

IAN S. LINDSAY
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Not very long ago I had cancer and required chemotherapy as part of my treatment, and although I am cancer-free now, I noticed that chemo had affected my cognitive ability — I had developed the dreaded "chemo brain!" When I mentioned this to my mother, who lives in Montreal, she decided to give me subscriptions to a couple of magazines to help me rebuild my ability to concentrate and regain the joy of reading. One of the magazines she subscribed me to was *Canada's History*. When I received my first issue, I liked it so much that when I was done with it I sent it to my son, who works as a primary school teacher in Cape Town, South Africa. He, in turn, took it to the school, where his twenty-five pupils have been paging through it. And when those little boys are done, my son will pass it on to his brother.

So your magazine is being enjoyed very, very far from its home, and through it my son — who has always said that Canada has no history because it is such a young country — has discovered that this is not actually true and there is plenty of interest here, too.

Thank you. I've learned a lot, and you have helped me in my recovery. I am looking forward to the next issue.

Anna du Bois
Vancouver

Facts or fiction?

I'm not sure what to think about *The Death of Donna Whalen*, discussed by Christopher Moore in the February–March 2011 issue.

It's a fascinating concept, a historical novel based on court transcripts, with names changed to protect peoples' reputations. But why do we have to change peoples' names? The court transcripts, which reveal what was really said and by whom, are in themselves history. Why does author Michael Winter have to change the names and turn it into a "fictional" murder mystery when the whole case is interesting in itself?

Isn't it like saying Lord Horatio Hornblower won the Battle of Trafalgar for Britain's Royal Navy instead of Lord Horatio Nelson. I have always been concerned about the accuracy of historical fiction, so much so that I object to a recent book by Cynthia Davis, *Mary, My Love*, which is described as "the love story of a carpenter from Nazareth and his wife that changed the world." All that history can tell us about Joseph and Mary is in the Bible, and there certainly isn't enough there to write a book!

Stephen J. Beecroft
Chatham, Ontario

Screen-saving grace

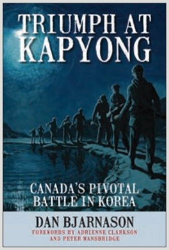
Ken McGoogan's story ("Beautiful Banff," October–November 2010) that mentioned Banff park posters in the consulate in Dar es Salaam reminded me of our trip to Greece at spring break five years ago.

Our teenaged daughter had been out of touch with her friends back home for the better part of two weeks, so one evening we drove to an Internet cafe in Santorini. As she prepared to log in, I noticed that the screen saver was that iconic photograph of Mt. Rundle that we all know so well. I looked around and saw that all of the screen savers were the same photo of Mt. Rundle. When I enquired of the proprietor, she sighed and said that a group of Canadians had been in the week before and reprogrammed all of their computers.

Keep up the good work.

Gordon Currie
Senator, University of Calgary
Calgary

Canada's History welcomes reader's comments. Email us at editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.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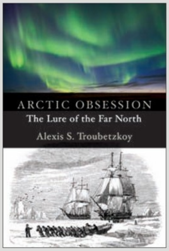
CANADA'S PIVOTAL BATTLE IN KOREA
DAN BJARNASON
FOREWORDS BY ADRIENNE CLARKSON AND PETER MANSBRIDGE

TRIUMPH AT KAPYONG
Canada's Pivotal Battle in Korea
by Dan Bjarnason

April 24th, 1951, was a lonely, moonlit night in Korea. On a godforsaken hill, a few hundred surrounded Canadian soldiers waited for the fight of their lives to begin. These volunteers—truck drivers, construction workers, kids just out of high school—outnumbered, they beat off some of the toughest troops on earth.



ARCTIC OBSESSION
The Lure of the Far North
by Alexis S. Troubetzkoy

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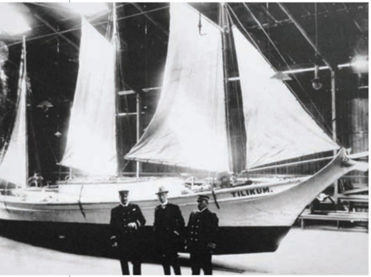
Stormy sailing

This spring, the Maritime Museum of British Columbia celebrated the 110th anniversary of an ambitious launch.

The red cedar Nuu-chah-nulth dugout canoe *Tilikum* was already old — perhaps a century old — when volatile sea captain John Voss bought her for eighty dollars in Victoria in April 1901. Little more than a month later, he and journalist Norman Luxton embarked on a quest to circumnavigate the globe in the twelve-metre boat that had been refitted and rigged for sail.



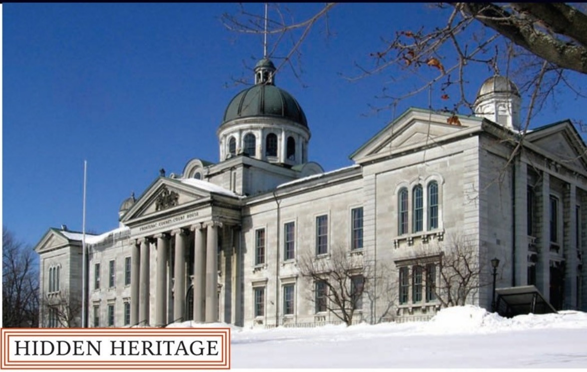
MARITIME MUSEUM OF BC

Luxton was one of several first mates during the lengthy voyage. Almost as fast as they signed on, Voss's temper drove them ashore. Another apparently went overboard during a storm.

The *Tilikum* survived rough weather from Vancouver Island to Fiji, from Australia to Saint Helena. With about 65,000 kilometres under her keel, her journey with Voss ended in 1904 in England — an ocean and a continent short of his dream.

More than two decades later, the *Tilikum* came home to Victoria and was again restored. Now on permanent display at the Victoria-based museum, she still inspires sailors to dream of epic journeys, and she inspired the museum to organize events in her honour May 20 and 21.

— Rachel Goldsworthy



HIDDEN HERITAGE

Frontenac County Court House

Kingston, Ontario, designed by Edward Horsey, 1855

Rearing its imperial head at the summit of Kingston City Park, and visible from the shores of Lake Ontario, the monumental stone Frontenac County Court House speaks of the civilizing efforts of the British Empire. Its Ionic columns symbolize wisdom in the meting out of justice, both to aggressors and to victims.

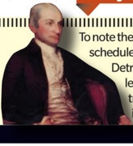
For those convicted of falling from grace, incarceration was close at hand in the grim, barred cells of the jail, placed discretely out of sight behind the courthouse. A good number of men swung on the death rope behind the open hanging door, where they could be seen by the crowds that gathered below. Unfortunately, the jail — "more famed for strength than beauty," as it was described in the mid-nineteenth century — and its impressive walls guarding the exercise yards were demolished in the 1970s. Only the jailor's house has survived.

The courthouse was itself in grave danger in the spring of 1875, when fire attacked the woodwork of the dome. But the main part of the building survived. Architect John Power designed a new, higher dome, elevated on a ring of windows. At the same time, a registry office was built in stone east of the courthouse.

It was predicted in 1856 that the courthouse, when finished, would be "one of the Lion Sights of Kingston," and this has proven true. It remains "a credit to Kingston," with its classical beauty and its ongoing use as a courthouse. **— Jennifer McKendry**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

TAKE THE DAY OFF



June 1

To note the day in 1796 when Britain was scheduled by the Jay Treaty to abandon Detroit and other posts. They actually left on July 11, when American troops were finally ready to move in. Book an extended vacation.

June 9

To observe the day in 1919 when all but a few Winnipeg police officers were fired for refusing to promise not to join a union or go on strike. Join the neighbourhood watch.

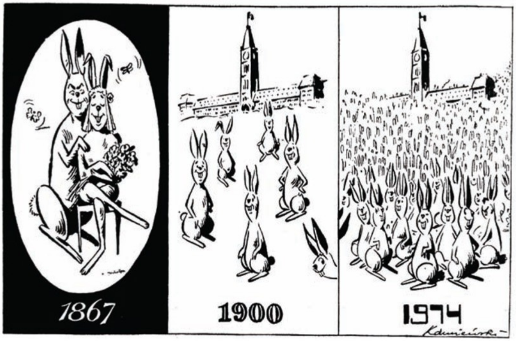
LAUGH LINES

Hare-raising bureaucracy

In the post-World War II period, the Canadian government bowed to public pressure and implemented programs like unemployment insurance, family allowances, universal old age pensions, and national health insurance. These social welfare "cradle to the grave" programs, as well as programs involving consumer and environmental protection, meant a large increase in the number of civil servants required to administer complex government activities and expenditures.

The civil service grew from 11,000 members in 1945 to 320,000 in 1975. By 1974, the cost of the many programs made it difficult for the government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to consider implementing new programs such as a guaranteed annual income or daycare for the children of working parents. This cartoon by Jan Kamienski, a former contributor to *The Beaver* magazine, reflects the growing concern about the size of government.

— Charles Hou



The number of federal civil servants now stands at 320.000 — Happy Easter!

This cartoon by Jan Kamienski appeared in the April 13, 1974, edition of the *Winnipeg Tribune*.

BY THE NUMBERS

CUSO-VSO

The Canadian University Services Organization (CUSO) was founded in 1961 as a non-profit group with the goal of connecting young volunteers to worthy development projects in the Third World. It has several specific development goals, including improving education, fighting the spread of HIV and AIDS, and helping Third World countries strengthen their democratic institutions and overall governance structures. In 2008, CUSO merged with VSO Canada (Volunteer Services Overseas) to form CUSO-VSO Canada. The organization celebrates its fiftieth anniversary in June.

15 Number of people who formed the first cohort of international volunteers in 1961.

15,000 Number of volunteers CUSO has placed around the world since its founding.

1965 The year CUSO first received federal funding to support its development projects.

34 Number of countries currently receiving assistance from CUSO-VSO volunteers.

225 Number of volunteers sent overseas between 2009 and 2010.

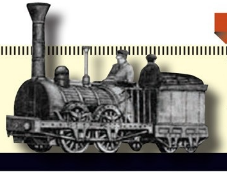
41 Average age of CUSO-VSO volunteers.

59 Percentage of CUSO-VSO volunteers who are women.

— Compiled by Mark Reid

July 12

To remember the day in 1963 when a dynamite explosion destroyed a statue of Queen Victoria in downtown Montreal. Be not amused.



July 21

To celebrate the opening in 1836 of Canada's first passenger railway, the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad, that connected the Quebec towns of Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu and La Prairie. Blow your whistle.

July 26

To mark the day in 1888 when the *Beaver*, the first steamer on Canada's West Coast, was wrecked near Vancouver harbour. Redecorate your den.

George Johann Klein and Robert Owens with their electric wheelchair.

COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL OF CANADA

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Electric wheelchair

The first electric wheelchair was produced in the late 1800s, when a motor was attached to an invalid's tricycle, but it was Canadian inventor George Johann Klein and his team that brought the powered wheelchair into the twentieth century and produced a design that became widely used.

Klein worked with the National Research Council of Canada in the early 1950s and saw a need to create an electric wheelchair for those injured in World War II. With many veterans struggling to cope with their severe disabilities, long rehabilitation periods, and a shortage of available help, Klein aimed to offer both hope and independence.

His team's motorized wheelchair was a product of a collaborative spirit — engineers, scientists, doctors, and patients were all involved in the design process. The result was a chair on wheels with a battery-operated motor located at the rear.

The electric wheelchair is one of Canada's great gifts to humankind. Today's versions are lighter, and they have superior suspensions and greater manoeuvrability. The latest models can be equipped with sophisticated computers, tailored for different sports, and adapted for individual needs.

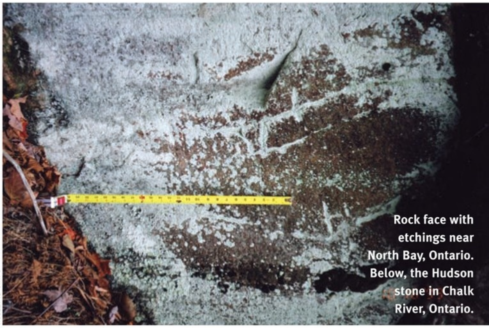
— **Beverley Tallon**

Hudson on the

Stone etchings point to lost English explorer.

It's been four hundred years since sea captain Henry Hudson was set adrift in James Bay by mutineers and never seen again. Or was he? Rock carvings found in Ontario are thought by some to hold clues to his disappearance.

Historians have long speculated about what became of Hudson, who on June 22, 1611, was given some provisions and put in a small open boat with his son and a half dozen crewmen. The rest of the crew — who had revolted against Hudson's plan to continue searching for the Northwest Passage — sailed back to England on the *Discovery*.



Rock face with etchings near North Bay, Ontario. Below, the Hudson stone in Chalk River, Ontario.

DAVID SLATTERY

Did hunger and exposure kill Hudson and his companions? Did polar bears eat them? Did indigenous people find them?

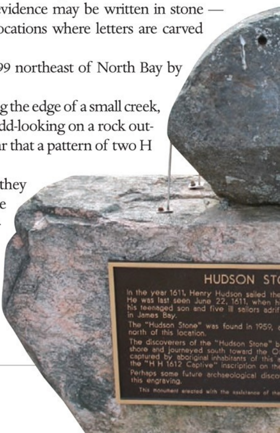
Some archaeologists believe Hudson may have survived to travel as far south as the Ottawa River Valley. The evidence may be written in stone — there are at least three Ontario locations where letters are carved into rock.

One etching was found in 1999 northeast of North Bay by archaeologist David Slattery.

"Walking up a path overlooking the edge of a small creek, I happened to notice something odd-looking on a rock outcropping," he said. "It became clear that a pattern of two H markings could be discerned."

Slattery says the idea that they are Hudson's initials is plausible — other rock carvings of European-style initials from that time period have been found in the region.

"There's no reason that Hudson could not have made it that far south."


HUDSON
In the year 1611, Henry Hudson sailed
He was last seen June 22, 1611, when
his teenaged son and five ill sailors
in James Bay.
The "Hudson Stone" was found in 1959,
north of this location.
The discoverers of the "Hudson Stone"
shore and journeyed south toward the
captured by aboriginal inhabitants of this
the "H H 1612 Captive" inscription on
Perhaps some future archaeological
this engraving.
This monument erected with the assistance of

VANCE GUTZMAN/NORTH RENFREW TIMES

rocks?

One theory is that Hudson could have travelled with a party of northern Cree, who regularly followed river systems to trade with southern tribes. The English explorer probably knew that the French under Samuel Champlain were in the St. Lawrence Valley.

"Even though they were at war, Hudson quite logically would have made the decision to try to reach the French, because then he would have had an outside chance of returning to Europe," says Slattery.

Archaeologist Ken Swayze of Cobden, Ontario, also thinks there may be something to this theory. He wonders whether Aboriginal trading parties meeting in Kitchisipirini territory on what is now Morrison Island on the Ottawa River decided it was not in their interest to turn Hudson over to the French. Perhaps they didn't want the French to know about the trade route to Hudson Bay.

The Kitchisipirini people acted as middlemen in the trade for northern furs and had for years stymied Champlain's efforts to push northward in search of the "great northern sea" Europeans believed was the Northwest Passage to the Orient.

An artifact known as the "Hudson stone" in Chalk River, Ontario, which is near Morrison Island, bolsters this theory, Swayze believes.

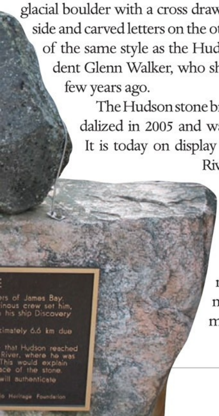
"This rock had 'HH captive 1612' etched into it with copperplate precision," said Swayze. Found by a road-building crew in the 1950s, it was sent to the British Museum in London for analysis in the 1960s. "They concluded the style and manner of the inscription was consistent with that period."

Also found at Chalk River is "cross rock," a cabin-sized glacial boulder with a cross drawn in red pigment on one side and carved letters on the other side that appear to be of the same style as the Hudson stone, says local resident Glenn Walker, who showed Swayze the rock a few years ago.

The Hudson stone broke apart after being vandalized in 2005 and was repaired with cement. It is today on display at a small park in Chalk River, together with a plaque that says, "Perhaps some future archaeological discovery will authenticate this engraving."

For now it's just a theory. As Slattery says, "You're never going to find anything marked 'Henry woz 'ere.'"

— **Nelle Oosterom**



Border-crossing button

U.S. military relic discovered on Alberta First Nation.

When Calgary-based archaeologist Tommy Ng and his crew were digging at an Alberta site last summer, the last thing they expected to find was an American military artifact from the late 1800s.

It's anyone's guess how a U.S. military button, produced as early as 1875 for the coats of enlisted men, became buried near the Bow River, a half-hour drive west of Calgary, on land belonging to the Stoney Nakoda First Nation.

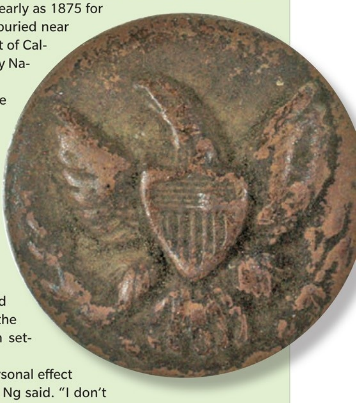
The button is adorned with the Civil War eagle, with its outstretched wings, a striped shield at its breast, three arrows clutched in its right claw, and an olive branch in its left. According to Ng, senior project archaeologist with Bison Historical Services, which is excavating the site in advance of work to widen the narrow 1A highway, the button could be evidence of an extensive Aboriginal trade network, or it could have been brought to the area by an American settler or trader.

"It could be a personal effect and it could be trade," Ng said. "I don't know of any excavations in Alberta that have found anything similar, but to me this is pretty unique. I didn't expect to see anything of the U.S. military up here."

Another option, the more romantic one according to Ng, is that the button could have been cut from the coat of an American soldier and brought to Alberta by an Aboriginal warrior who participated in a battle south of the U.S.-Canada border. According to Nakoda elder Wilfred Fox, at least three Stoney warriors joined the Sioux and Cheyenne at the 1876 Battle of Little Bighorn.

No matter how the button arrived in the Bow River region, it is a remarkable find at a remarkable site that was used for thousands of years. The earliest artifacts Ng found at the site — stone tools and projectile points — date back some 7,800 years, while more recent objects include nails, China pearlware, a gun flint, a fur trade bead, a man's copper alloy ring, and shell casings from a Henry .44 repeating rifle.

— **Rob Alexander**



Artifacts found on Alberta's Stoney Nakoda First Nation include a projectile point, top left, a U.S. military button with the Civil War eagle, centre, and dozens of other objects.

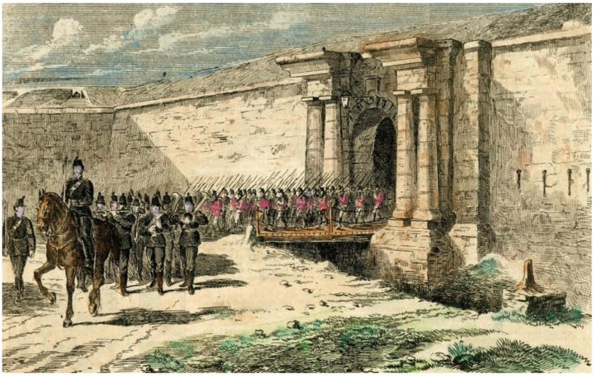
BISON HISTORICAL SERVICES LTD., CALGARY

On our own

November 11, 1871: Britain recalls its troops from Canada. by Desmond Morton

Americans celebrate July 4 as their Independence Day. Canadians remember July 1 as the day when their dominion was legally born. Confederation turned three self-governing colonies into a single self-governing colony, but we still depended on Great Britain for our defence. However, on November 11, 1871, the last of our British defenders boarded a ship and left, never to return. Militarily, Canada was on its own.

The Fathers of Confederation in 1867 had a promise from Britain's colonial secretary that if Canada would "devote all her resources, both in men and in money, to the maintenance of her connection with the Mother Country," the British accepted "the reciprocal obligation of defending every portion of the Empire with all the resources at its command." In truth, the British saw Confederation as a way to help 1.5 million Canadians to defend themselves.



MUSEÉ ROYAL 22E RÉGIMENT 1990 500 001 NO 40.

***The 60th Regiment leaving the Citadel, Quebec*, by William Ogle Carlile, was first published in the December 2, 1871, edition of the *Canadian Illustrated News*.**

During the American Civil War of 1861 to 1865, Union and Confederate forces mobilized a total of nearly three million men. The British government quickly realized it would never be able to match that level of mobilization. Britain could not risk repeating the War of 1812. And if you cannot win a war, common sense decrees, don't fight it. Even as Irish nationalist Fenians threatened Canada's borders, the British began closing frontier garrisons. In the spring of 1870, a British battalion went west to help crush Louis Riel's Red River Rebellion, but the rebels fled before their arrival, and the British returned to the East within days of reaching Winnipeg. In May 1870, meanwhile, local militia easily defeated two Fenian raids across the Quebec-Vermont border. Perhaps Canadians could defend themselves after all.

In November 1871, the British troopship *Orontes* docked at Quebec. At dawn on November 11, Quebec's British garrison paraded for inspection and marched down to the docks. An hour later, central Canada's last garrison had embarked and started for England. The British would never return. In 1895–1896, when a crisis over the Venezuela-British Guiana border brought the Americans and British close to war, the British Army proposed to land troops at New York or Boston, "to make vigorous offensive gestures." None would go to Canada.

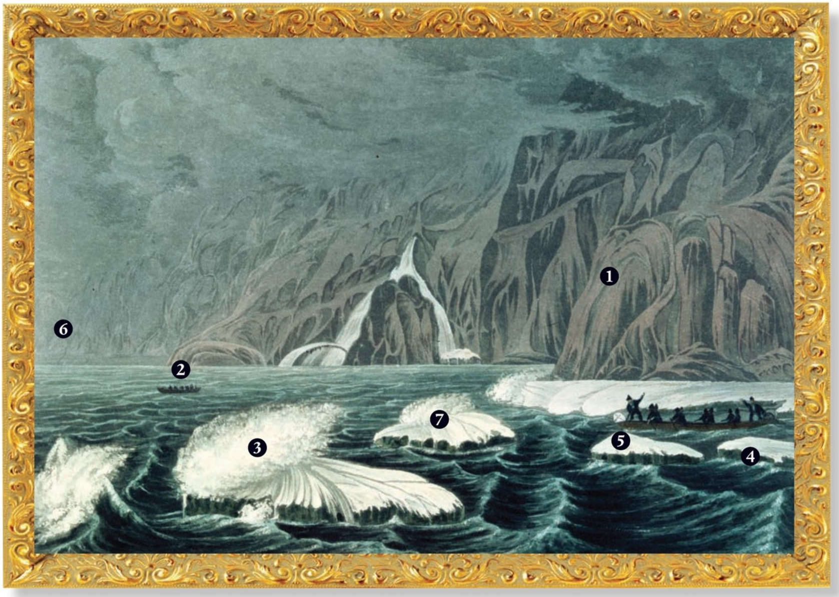
Canada had to fend for itself. The British had decided that Canada's 40,000 ill-equipped militia members were not worth supporting. Britain did send officers to command and reform Canada's militia. However, all but one were fired for offending their political masters. "All her resources" amounted to only a million dollars a year for defence. Why spend more if it was hopeless? Why indeed?

The Americans greeted the British departure by closing their own frontier forts and sending the garrisons to fight the Indians of the western plains. Without British troops, Canada on its own posed no threat.

Canada's weakness would change. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Liberals, elected in 1896, increased defence spending tenfold. Canada sent troops to fight for the Empire in South Africa, and developed an autonomous army capable of providing an entire army corps in the First World War. That war ended on November 11, 1918.

Today, we use November 11 to remember the 111,000 Canadians who died defending Britain in two world wars. Would we have been so eager to sacrifice if we had understood what really happened on November 11, 1871? ●

Desmond Morton, professor emeritus at McGill University, is the author of more than forty books on Canadian history. In 2010, he was given the Pierre Berton Award.



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Dangerous manoeuvre

George Back accompanied Sir John Franklin on his first Arctic visit.

❶ *Expedition doubling Cape Barrow, July 25, 1821*, by artist and explorer Lieutenant George Back, shows the northernmost cape separating Coronation Gulf from Bathurst Inlet in Nunavut.

❷ The image depicts Sir John Franklin and his men in two frail canoes. With few provisions left, they encountered hail, gale-force winds, and high waves. Back noted, "Both canoes were in imminent danger of being crushed by ice."

❸ Franklin and his crew set out from the mouth of the Coppermine River and travelled over 885 kilometres before being forced to turn around at the entrance to Dease Strait. Back noted that with "the fury of the waves — and spouting up wide sheets of white spray — we proceeded in the greatest state of anxiety."

❹ The scene shows the treacherous conditions the men had to endure. Franklin wrote, "Just as we were endeavouring to double a bold cape, the fog partially cleared away, and allowed us an imperfect view of much heavy ice which was pressing down upon us."

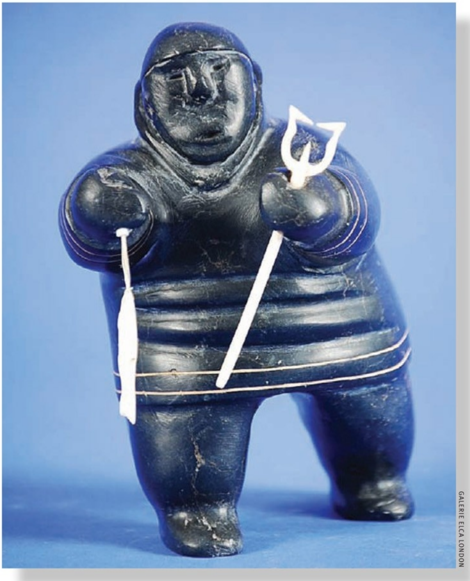
❺ Back honed his artistic skills while imprisoned in France during the Napoleonic Wars. During this 1821 journey, he shows how the crew pushed the ice away with their poles to avoid being crushed to death.

❻ Back illustrated a shroud of mist encasing Cape Barrow. He would later comment: "We could not distinguish even the tops of the hills we were passing immediately under."

❼ Franklin relied on artists such as Back to illustrate near disasters as heroic exploits. Of this event, he wrote, "The annexed plate, from Mr. Back's sketch, will convey to the reader an accurate idea of the peril of our situation."

TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



GALERIE ELCA LONDON

Inuit art

In the early 1950s, Inuit artists produced many fine works, such as this piece entitled *Inuk Fishing*. The sculptor Akeeaktashook is believed to be the artist. A federally sponsored project provided supplemental income to the artists, preserving their skills and legends, which were passed on to the next generation. The Hudson's Bay Company became a buyer, seller, and collector of Inuit art. Through a guide produced by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, HBC staff learned what to look for, how much to pay, and how to market the artwork. The company opened three warehouses in Toronto, Montreal, and Winnipeg to house it. —**B.T.**

In The Beaver … 90 Years Ago

Arctic travel

A 3,943-kilometre trip to Fort Liard, then back to Fort Simpson and north to Good Hope in the Northwest Territories and back would surely be trying at the best of times. However, when the journey was made with ill dogs that had meagre feed, and done in bad weather over rough terrain, the difficulties were compounded. Philip Godsell, an HBC district inspector, recalled the trials and tribulations of covering the vast northern Mackenzie River region in the May 1921 issue.

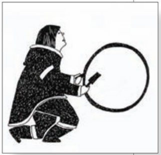
60 Years Ago

School days

Author Mary Elizabeth Colman focused on young Jimmy (Robert James) Anderson, who, along with his sister Eliza, was tearfully left at British Columbia's first school at Fort Victoria in 1850. Along with several other children, the siblings endured austere surroundings, exacting lessons, hard labour in the chaplain's garden, and strict Sunday prayers. But the December 1951 issue also tells of outdoor excursions and mischievous fun, which afforded the youngsters rare periods of freedom.

30 Years Ago

Drumbeat



Brian Lewis retold an ancient legend of three families — Cree, Chipewyan, and Inuk — who came to a small lake in northern Saskatchewan to hunt. In the evenings, a drumming competition ensued between the families, which culminated in the death of the men. "Battle of the Drums" explains the origin of conflict and co-operation and is accompanied by illustrations by Germaine Arnaktauok in the Winter 1981 issue.

The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, launched *The Beaver* (now *Canada's History* magazine) in 1920. To explore the history and heritage of the HBC, and to read stories from ninety-one years of its flagship magazine, go to **CanadasHistory.ca**.

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Photo: Dennis Minty

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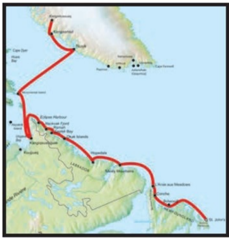

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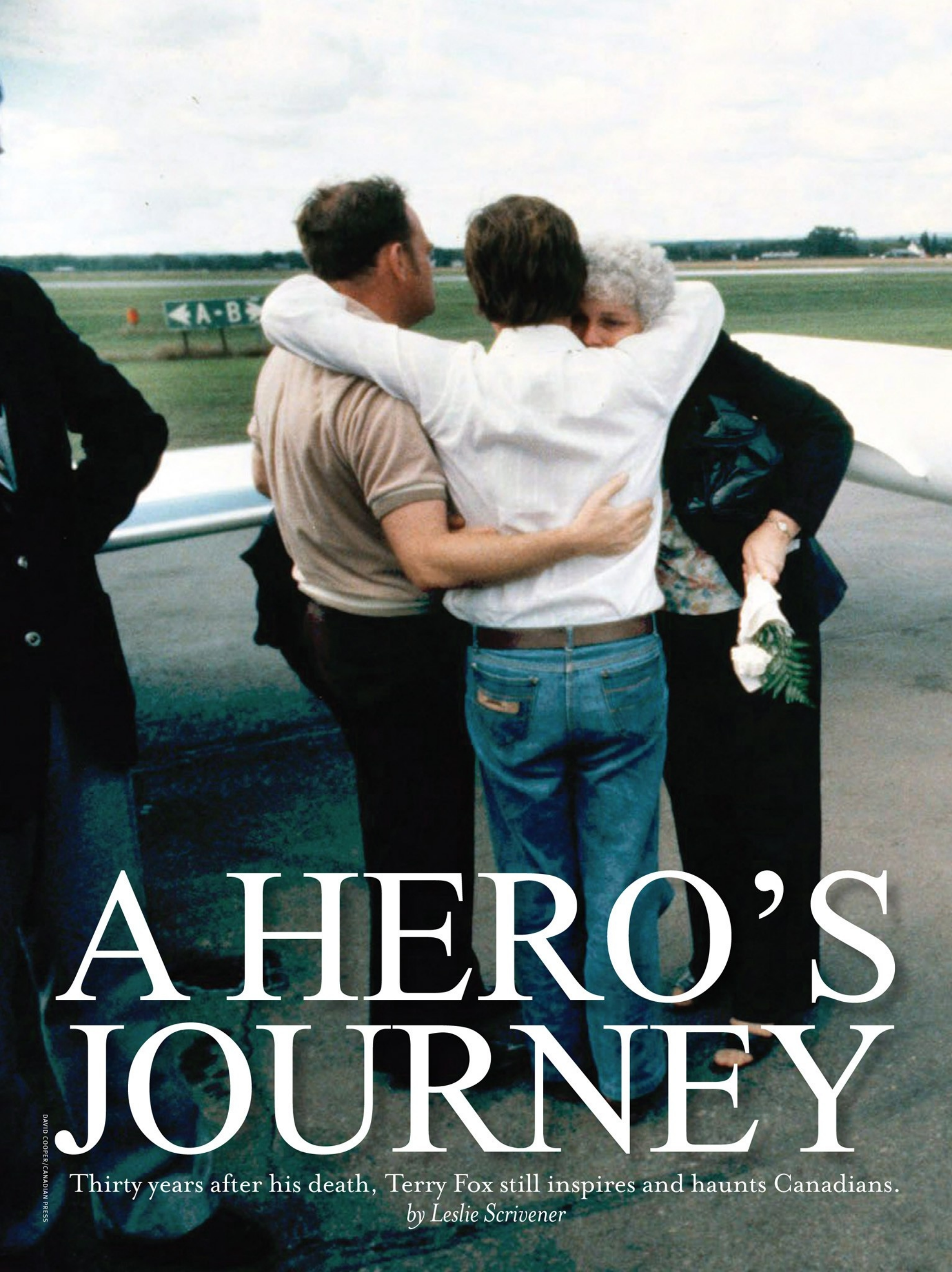
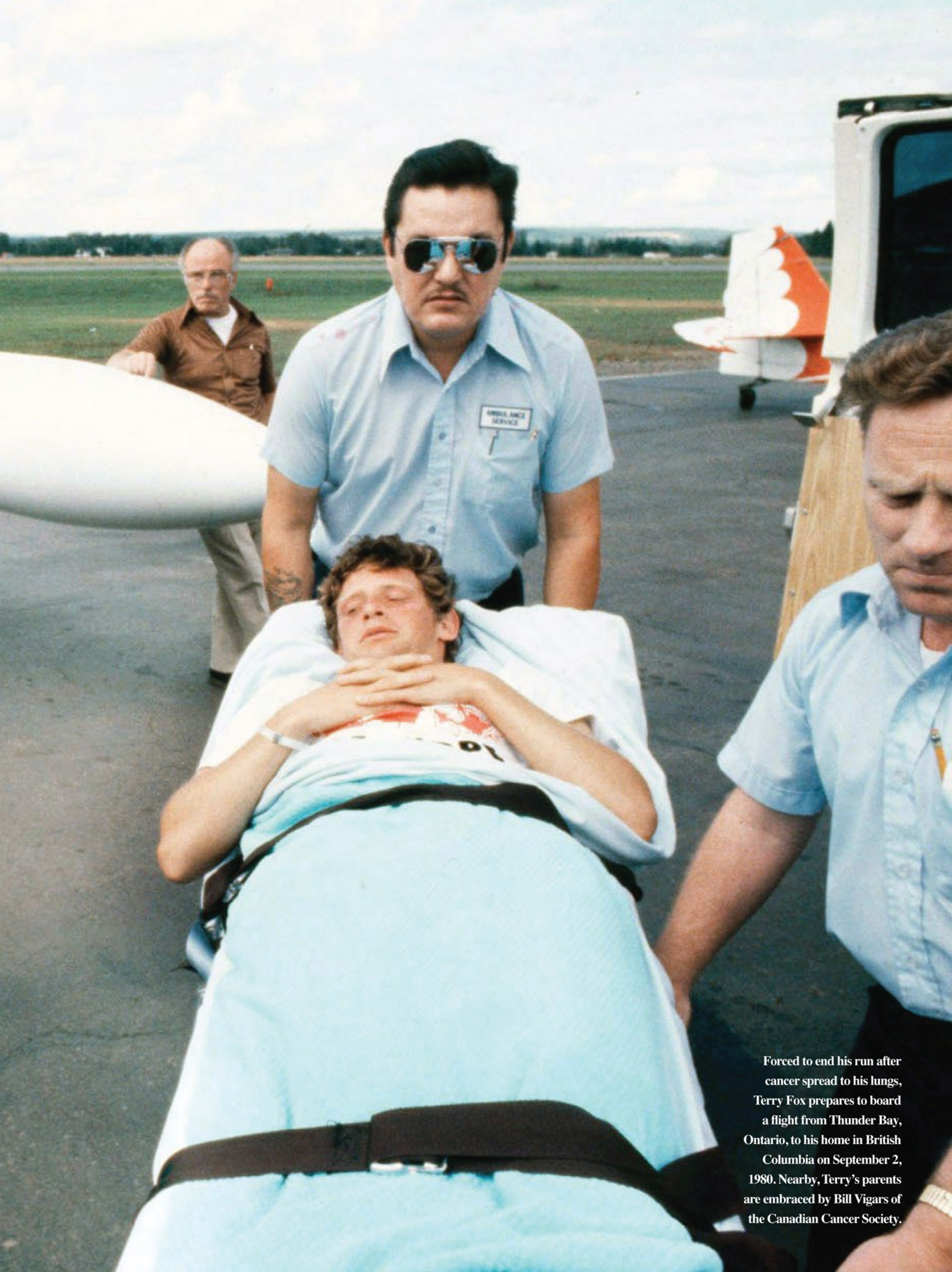


DAVID COOPER/CANADIAN PRESS

A HERO'S JOURNEY

Thirty years after his death, Terry Fox still inspires and haunts Canadians.

by Leslie Scrivener



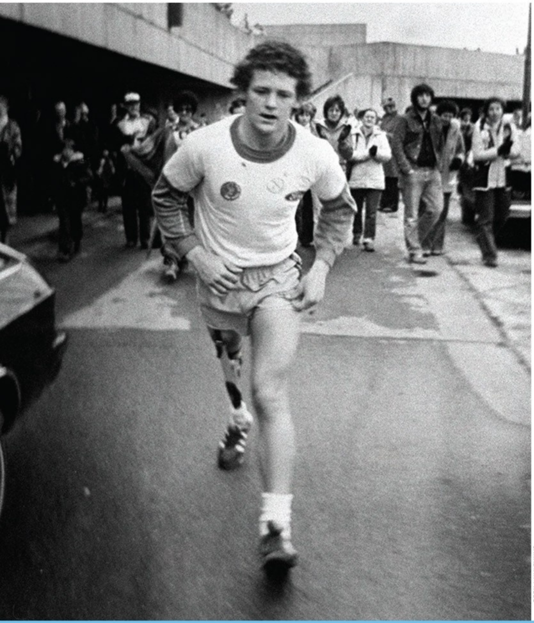
Forced to end his run after cancer spread to his lungs, Terry Fox prepares to board a flight from Thunder Bay, Ontario, to his home in British Columbia on September 2, 1980. Nearby, Terry's parents are embraced by Bill Vigars of the Canadian Cancer Society.

In February 1979, nearly two years after his right leg was amputated above the knee, Terry Fox began running in secret. Embarrassed by his artificial leg — a crude device made of a stainless steel shaft, a belt around his waist, and an elastic strap — he ran at night. The twenty-year-old was a competitive athlete and didn't want to be seen struggling.

Yet, it was a struggle. He ran one quarter of a mile around the cinder track at a junior high school near his home in Port Coquitlam, British Columbia. Under the dark sky, the rain fell on the lonely runner and on the tall firs that bordered the track. "It was hard," he said. "I was sweating, wiped out." Soon he was running a half mile, then a full mile.

This was phenomenal, he thought. He was getting stronger and growing more confident. A jock, watchful for any chance to compete, Terry felt a small victory the day he was fast enough to run past a pair of joggers.

Below: Terry Fox leaves city hall in St. John's at the start of his Marathon of Hope on April 12, 1980.


CANADIAN PRESS

He didn't talk to anyone about why he wanted to run or, more telling, why he had to run. It was something he kept to himself. For two years, since the surgery to remove his leg — he'd had bone cancer — he had harboured a dream to run across Canada. He knew of an amputee who had run in the New York City Marathon, so why couldn't he do something challenging, too?

Terry offered lots of reasons why a 5,300-mile (8,500-kilometre) run across the second-largest country in the world seemed to be the one thing he had to do. He had known the suffering of young cancer patients while he was receiving chemotherapy treatment. Their cries haunted him still. He was one of the lucky ones, he thought. He would raise money for cancer research and prove himself "worthy of life," as he wrote in a letter to the Canadian Cancer Society, asking for its support. "I was determined to take myself to the limit for this cause."

His mother, Betty, asked him, why not run across British Columbia. She thought running across Canada was crazy. Why set such a daunting task? They argued about it, but Betty lost that battle. Terry, meanwhile, lost toenails. He suffered bone bruises, but it was never unbearable, he said. It was just pain; he could adjust his prosthesis and his running style, and learn to endure it.

Terry trained the rest of that year. He had blisters and open sores that bled down through the valve in the bucket that held the stump of his leg. It drenched his socks. That was a horrible sight for Betty, almost cruel. But Terry was consumed by his need to run. "I cannot stand to see life pass by so quickly without some kind of accomplishment, some meaningful milestone.... My sense of urgency grows stronger with each passing day," he wrote.

In the spring of 1980, Terry was ready to begin his Marathon of Hope. His goal, when he set out from St. John's, Newfoundland, was to raise $1 million.

On April 12, he dipped his foot in the Atlantic Ocean, collected a jug of sea water, and, wearing shorts and a T-shirt — he had long shed his embarrassment about his artificial leg — began to run across Canada.

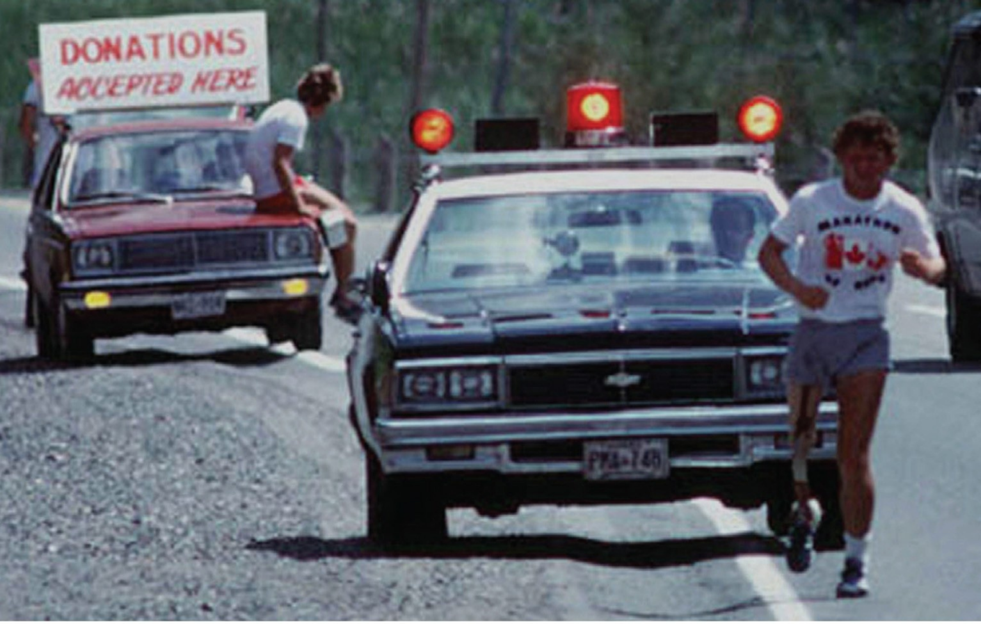
Editors at the *Toronto Star* had heard about Terry, but only one of them, Bonnie Cornell, who edited the Family section, thought he merited a story. As a hardened newsman said dismissively, Terry would be news only when he stopped running. It's boring, said another.

TERRY'S JOURNEY

July 28, 1958
Terrance Stanley Fox is born in Winnipeg to Rolly and Betty Fox. The family moves to British Columbia in 1966.

October 15, 1979
After losing his right leg to cancer, Terry writes to the Canadian Cancer Society to announce he is running across Canada to raise money to fight the disease.

April 12, 1980
Terry Fox dips his artificial leg in the waters off Newfoundland, beginning his Marathon of Hope.



Above: **Terry Fox near Thunder Bay on September 1, 1980, the final day of his Marathon of Hope.**

But Cornell, a tough editor with an instinct for spotting trends and unusual feature stories, had seen Terry on the CBC television news and kept thinking about him. I worked for her and had been at the paper a little more than a year. She asked me to "find out if he's for real."

The switchboard operators at the *Star* were doggedly determined, too — qualities you wouldn't immediately grasp just hearing their cheerful, buttery smooth voices. When I asked them to find a one-legged runner somewhere in Newfoundland, there was no problem. These are women who had found a *Star* reporter in a jail cell in Idi Amin's Uganda. A few hours later they told me, "We have Mr. Terry Fox on the line."

The thing about Terry Fox is he made you believe it was entirely possible that an amputee could run across Canada. He was running into the wind, and every day he was averaging a marathon — twenty-six miles (forty-two kilometres). It was an astounding athletic achievement.

We talked once a week or more on the phone. I wrote bland news stories about who he'd met or how he felt frustrated when the Canadian Cancer Society failed to organize a fundraiser in the little towns he was passing through. He was doing the running; couldn't someone else look after the business of fundraising? He told me about a motivational poem, "It Couldn't be Done," that he read each night before going to bed. Sometimes he described how he felt as he ran: "When I'm really tried, I'm actually crying on the road. I get so emotional, but being in that state keeps me going."

Doug Alward, his childhood friend and another committed athlete, was Terry's wheelman. He drove a donated van, stopping ahead of Terry at one-mile intervals. By the time they reached Halifax, they were pretty much at war with each other, so Terry's parents flew in to broker peace. Terry could be chippy; Doug would withdraw into sullen silence. Terry would argue; Doug wouldn't. They later sent Darrell, Terry's sweet-natured seventeen-year-old brother, to help and act as a buffer between the two friends.

I finally met Terry on a sunny June

Below: Terry wore out nine pairs of shoes during his run.

July 1, 1980
Terry arrives in Ottawa for Canada Day. He kicks the opening ball of a CFL exhibition game with his good leg. The crowd of 16,000 gives him a standing ovation.

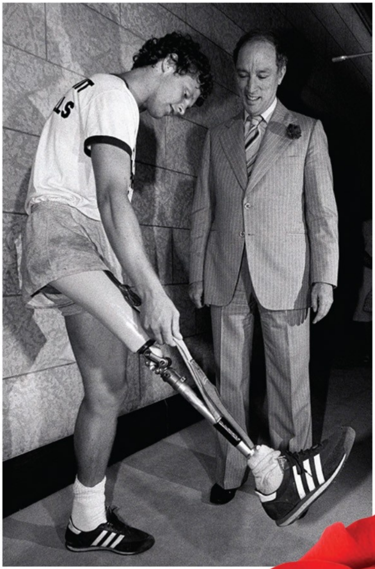
July 11, 1980
Terry meets his idol, Darryl Sittler of the Toronto Maple Leafs. The marathon raises $100,000 in a single day.

August 5, 1980
Terry reaches Sudbury, Ontario, the halfway point of his planned route across Canada.

afternoon. Seeing him on television or in news photos was different from seeing his living body on the hard pavement of a Canadian highway.

Maybe because of the scale — the long highway, the tall trees — he appeared smaller than his five-foot, ten-inch height. He was in Quebec, heading toward the Ontario border. Terry didn't look up when I shouted as I drove past him.

He raised his arm in a kind of greeting. He had a lopsided gait, dubbed the Fox Trot — two hops with his good leg to match the longer stride of his artificial leg.



Terry Fox, with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau on July 2, 1980, demonstrates how his prosthetic leg works.

CANADIAN PRESS

On the Ontario side of the Ottawa River, a celebration was underway to welcome him to a new province. A band played "Georgie Girl," balloons drifted to the sky, and Terry walked up to a community centre to shake hands with officials. The crowd shouted, "Hip, hip, hooray." His hard concentration and focus were gone. He was attentive to what people were saying. "I hope this walk, excuse me, this run…," an Ontario MPP began. Terry smiled.

He had been studying kinesiology at Simon Fraser University, and though he had been a hard-driving competitor on the basketball team, he was terribly shy — so much so that he avoided classes that required oral presentations. That was all behind him. He took the microphone and told his story. He said the kind of support he was seeing, all these people coming out to welcome him, made a big difference to his Marathon of Hope.

A fourteen-year-old boy who had been doing wheelies on the grass couldn't exactly say why Terry's speech moved him. "I found that story of his very touching," said Charles Tuttle. "It makes a funny feeling inside me." At a press conference, a reporter asked if he was running to find himself. "This isn't soul-searching," Terry said. "I'm not trying to find something. I've found what I want."

The images of the next thirty-six hours are sharp thirty years later: the shoppers who gawked as he ran through the town of Hawkesbury; Terry's pre-dinner snack — cheeseburger, fries, apple pie, a milkshake; the way he clenched his jaw when a Cancer Society official told him he was expected to speak at a fair in Plantagenet, just down the road. This was unexpected and the kind of thing that happened too often.

"I'm not going," he said. He was spent. The days were long. There were no days off on which to recover from his daily marathon; he just got up and did it all over again.

But the mayor was waiting, and there would be fundraising. And so he did what was expected of him, running into the fair, politely signing autographs after he'd finished speaking. No one could tell that this had not been the plan from the start.

Soon it was evening; dinner was at the Poplar Motel, where there was more serious eating to be done. Terry was lively and curious in conversation — what was this about Quebec holding a referendum to separate from Canada, he asked.

At 4:30 the next morning Terry and the Marathon of Hope routine began again. It was dark as Doug drove through the countryside, looking for the pile of stones they'd left where Terry had stopped running the previous day. No one spoke. The moon was high; it gleamed

MICHAEL STUPARYK/GETSTOCK

September 1, 1980
Terry is forced to stop his run outside of Thunder Bay, Ontario. Doctors discover that cancer has spread to his lungs. Canadians everywhere are shocked by the news.

September 2, 1980
Isadore Sharp, chairman and CEO of Four Seasons Hotels and Resorts, tells the Fox family that he plans to organize an annual charity run in Terry's name.

September 9, 1980
The CTV network broadcasts a star-studded telethon. It lasts five hours and raises $10 million. Terry watches the event from his hospital bed.

TERRY
FOX
PLEDGE PARTICIPATION FORM
I'M SUPPORTING TERRY FOX

BORIS SPREMO/GETSTOCK

MARATHON OF HOPE

off the farm buildings. We could see cattle in the fields and there was sweetness in the cool, still air.

Terry loved that morning and remembered it. The miles went by so lightly, he recalled. "I just floated." He could run in peace and by 6:00 a.m. he'd finished five miles (eight kilometres). A CBC reporter jogged with him part of the way. Terry, competitive in his bones, didn't like two-legged runners too close to him. "I want to make those guys work," he said. "I can't stand making it easy."

The day wore on. There was a rest break in the drowsy, sun-soaked countryside. There was a parade-like atmosphere in Rockland, where people ran out on the street, then back into their houses to bring out someone else to witness Terry running through their town.

Later, in Ottawa, Terry was looking forward to meeting then Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau; he hoped the vigorous Trudeau, who had somersaulted into swimming pools and slid down banisters, would spare a half-hour to run with him. It was a disappointment. The prime minister seemed unprepared and knew nothing about Terry or his run. "It was as if Trudeau was talking to Terry and thinking about something else," his brother Darrell said.

Trudeau may not have given Terry the welcome he'd hoped for, but there were others who were wise enough to see that Terry was someone special. Isadore Sharp, founder of Four Seasons Hotels and Resorts, who'd lost a son to cancer, challenged Canadian corporations to pledge two dollars for every mile Terry ran. Sharp, who became a trusted friend and adviser to the Fox family, wanted to ensure Terry's legacy endured and later that year started the annual Terry Fox Run.

By the time Terry reached Toronto, Canadians were lining the streets, cheering him. It really did seem, at the time, that that summer was bathed in some kind of golden glow. He had become a hero — in one town someone even crowned him with a leafy wreath. It was showtime for the Marathon of Hope.

There was a triumphant run down University Avenue. Women were in tears. Volunteers were hauling in buckets of money. One single day brought in $100,000. But raising money wasn't consistent. Terry flew to Niagara Falls, where he was handed a cheque for $100; it was an embarrassment.

Above left: Billy Patterson raised $150 for the Marathon of Hope.

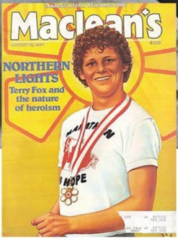
Above right: Ten-year-old Greg Scott walks with Terry Fox at Terrace Bay, Ontario, in late August 1980. The two became instant friends. Like Terry, Greg died in 1981 when cancer spread to his lungs.

September 18, 1980
Terry becomes the youngest inductee into the Order of Canada. He later wins the Lou Marsh Award for athletic achievement.

February 1, 1981
Terry's hope of raising one dollar from every Canadian is realized. Canada's population reaches 24.1 million; fundraising totals $24.17 million.

June 28, 1981
Terry Fox dies at Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster, British Columbia, one month short of his twenty-third birthday.

ANDY CLARK/CANADIAN PRESS


CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Maclean's
NORTHERN LIGHTS
Terry Fox and the nature of heroism
MARATHON OF HOPE

Above: Terry Fox watches a national telethon in his honour from his hospital bed on September 9, 1980.

Inset: The cover of *Maclean's* on January 12, 1981, a few weeks before Terry reached his goal of raising a dollar for cancer research for every Canadian.

He angrily refused to visit Marineland in Niagara Falls when he learned he wouldn't be able to use the appearance to raise money. He rebuffed all commercial endorsements and abhorred the thought that he or his run could be used for anything other than funding for cancer research; he was almost fanatic about it, even making sure the grey shorts he always wore were logo-free. Still, his original goal of $1 million seemed pitifully small; he set a new goal, one dollar for every Canadian, about $24 million in total. Did that seem absurdly high?

By now his friends were hearing a different tone in Terry's speeches, something more subtle and shaded. He started saying that if for some reason he couldn't finish the run, the Marathon of Hope had to go on without him. Everyone was a part of it, he said.

It was about this time that Doug and Darrell started looking at Terry and the run a little differently. They sensed a change, a deepening. Doug, who was thoughtful and had more time to think about things behind the wheel of the van, believed they were at a turning point. What that was exactly, he wasn't sure.

Terry ran on through the sweltering heat of southern Ontario — some days it was thirty-eight degrees Celsius — going hundreds of miles out of his way — worth it, he believed, for the extra fundraising. It was a relief to head north, to leave the crowds behind. But after the euphoria, they faced something unexpected, a new critical tone in the media.

"Give it up, Terry," the *Peterborough Examiner* implored. The *Globe and Mail* painted a portrait of him as a tyrant to his lighthearted younger brother.

He wasn't happy to see me, either, at Lake Joseph near Gravenhurst, Ontario, where he was resting one afternoon. There had been reports that his leg was bleeding. War Amps officials warned that Terry was going to have terrible problems if he continued running at the pace he had set for himself. They had reports that the stump of his leg was changing shape and developing sores. They wanted him to see an orthopedic specialist. It was hard, they said, to say anything critical of Terry's run, because it could look as if the organization wasn't supporting him.

This only irritated Terry, who insisted that he knew his body and what he was capable of better than anyone else. "I've seen people in so much pain. This little bit of pain I'm going through is nothing. They can't shut it off, and I can't shut down every time I feel a little sore." As he headed north, the crowds thinned. The rock star business that had diverted them through the southern part of the province was well behind them. They were more serious now; they needed to get home.

Terry blew off his medical checkups. Darrell noticed that Terry's steps seemed more laboured; he didn't have the same

July 30, 1981
A stretch of the Trans-Canada Highway between Thunder Bay and Nipigon in Northwestern Ontario is renamed the Terry Fox Courage Highway.

September 13, 1981
The first annual Terry Fox Run is held. About 300,000 people participate, raising $3.5 million.

February 11, 1994
The Terry Fox Hall of Fame opens in Toronto. It recognizes people who make extraordinary contributions to enriching the quality of life of people with physical disabilities.

comfort in his stride that Darrell had seen in New Brunswick. What was wrong? Then there was a brittle, repetitive cough that they had never heard before.

By September 1, the cough was persistent, and with it came a pain that spread into his chest. It hurt to run, but he ran anyway, because there were people on the road. As any athlete knows, you don't want to let your people down. His chest hurt, but his legs were working fine, so he kept running. People were cheering him on, saying, "You can make it all the way." He heard what they said, and wondered if he would make it all the way.

He had run 3,339 miles (5,373 kilometres) — two-thirds of the way across Canada. He'd run through snow, biting wind, and terrible heat. He'd nearly been run over. He'd seen camera crews covering his run injured in car accidents. He'd fought with organizers. He'd played jokes on his brother. He'd had food fights with Doug. He'd been ignored. He'd been idolized. He'd run nearly a marathon a day for 143 days.

Terry called his parents to tell them his old enemy, cancer, was back. They flew to Thunder Bay, Ontario, and took him in their arms and cried. "Isn't once enough?" Darrell asked bitterly.

But as Terry said later on, "That's the thing about cancer."

Terry spoke to reporters at the Royal Columbian Hospital in New Westminster, British Columbia, the same hospital where his leg had been amputated three years earlier. Betty held his hand and cried. We listened gravely. He'd raised $1.7 million, not the sum he'd hoped; still, he didn't want anyone to finish his run, even though Darryl Sittler offered to organize NHL hockey players to collect pledges and run the last 2,000 miles (3,200 kilometres). Someone asked Betty how she was doing. She couldn't answer. "We've been through this before," his father Rolly said.

Upstairs, in his hospital room, Terry talked to some old friends, including wheelchair basketball star Rick Hansen. That day in the hospital, nobody wanted to be the first to bring up the subject of cancer. But Terry did. He didn't want anyone feeling sorry for him. "It's one thing to run across Canada, but now people are really going to know what cancer is."

That fall, Terry drove me to all the places he had trained in 1979. We went up steep hills in the woods, to Simon Fraser University and to the track where he ran his first mile. He was pale and thin and looked like a teenager. He was given awards, athletic and honorary, and was the youngest person to receive the Order of Canada. The country did go crazy with fundraising, as he had hoped. By February 1, 1981, $24.17 million had been raised for cancer research. He had eight chemotherapy treatments between September and January, but still the cancer consumed him.

The last time I saw him was at his family's Christmas party. He left the living room early, pulling his sweater up over his shoulders as he walked down the hall to his room.

RICHARD LAUTENS/ CANADIAN PRESS

Below: Runners at Woodbine Beach in Toronto on September 17, 2000, during the annual Terry Fox Run.

In the five months that he ran his Marathon of Hope, and in the years that followed, Terry became part of us, just as the bedrock of the Canadian Shield is part of Canada. It's taken three decades to understand precisely what that means. He is in our geography now. A B.C. mountain and an icebreaker were named after him, as were thirty-two streets, seven statues, fourteen schools, and nine fitness trails. He was the first person other than a king or a queen to be put on a Canadian general circulation coin, the 2005 loonie. Yet there is much more to his legacy than that.

The three million people who take part in the Terry Fox Run held each September, and throughout the year in schools across the country, have raised $550 million. The infusion of new funds boosted cancer research in Canada in the early 1980s. Since then, more than

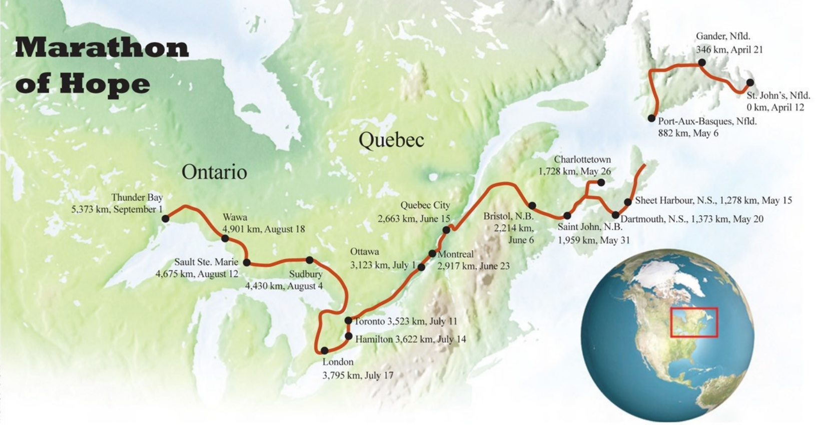
CANADA
DOLLAR
TERRY FOX 1958-1981

Above: Terry Fox on the 2005 dollar coin.

June 30, 1999
Terry Fox is voted Canada's greatest all-time hero in a month-long national online survey by the Dominion Institute and Council for Canadian Unity. Frederick Banting, discoverer of insulin, comes in second.

September 16, 2005
More than three million students from nine thousand Canadian schools participate in the first annual Terry Fox National School Run Day.

September 19, 2010
The thirtieth annual Terry Fox Run is held. The international event has to date raised about $550 million for cancer research.


Marathon of Hope
Gander, Nfld.
346 km, April 21
St. John's, Nfld.
0 km, April 12
Port-Aux-Basques, Nfld.
882 km, May 6
Quebec
Ontario
Charlottetown
1,728 km, May 26
Sheet Harbour, N.S., 1,278 km, May 15
Dartmouth, N.S., 1,373 km, May 20
Thunder Bay
5,373 km, September 1
Wawa
4,901 km, August 18
Quebec City
2,663 km, June 15
Bristol, N.B.
2,214 km,
June 6
Saint John, N.B.
1,959 km, May 31
Ottawa
3,123 km, July 1
Montreal
2,917 km, June 23
Sault Ste. Marie
4,675 km, August 12
Sudbury
4,430 km, August 4
Toronto 3,523 km, July 11
Hamilton 3,622 km, July 14
London
3,795 km, July 17

MICHEL ROULEAU

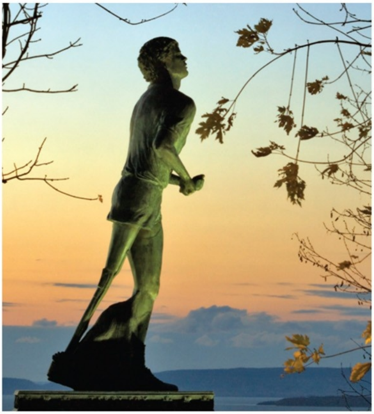
$450 million has been invested in research through nearly 1,200 grants and awards.

This research reflects Terry's own spirit — it is adventurous and innovative, but still practical. Terry Fox-funded scientists are not bound to the letter of their grant proposal. If they encounter new pathways that seem more promising than what they initially proposed, they can follow those new directions. Advances in lymphoma and prostate cancer research, imaging technology and other areas, have been made possible through Terry Fox-funded research.

Every year since 1982, some twenty students have won Terry Fox Humanitarian Awards, and their achievements ripple around the world. These award- winners have excelled: Six became Rhodes Scholars, seventy became physicians, and fifty became teachers.

Dr. Roshni Dasgupta won a Terry Fox Humanitarian Award that paid her way to McGill University. She became a pediatric surgeon at Cincinnati's Children's Hospital, where the day I spoke to her, she had operated on an eighteen-year-old boy who had bone cancer in his right leg. It had spread to his lungs. She was operating on someone just like Terry.

Below: The Terry Fox monument east of Thunder Bay stands close to where Terry ended his run.



GETTY

Canadian children grow up with the story of the ordinary boy who became extraordinary. Terry's story inspired Canadian speed skater and four-time Olympian Kristina Groves. He wasn't the strongest or the fastest athlete; in fact, he was probably one of the worst players on his junior high school basketball team, she explained. She didn't start off as the most talented speed skater, either. But, she said, "I can identify so strongly with his effort to become the best."

Terry's wheelchair basketball teammate, Rick Hansen, went on to heroic achievements of his own and wheeled around the world, creating a foundation that has donated some $200 million for spinal cord research. He learned from Terry how to dig deep, he said, and to find more potential inside himself than he ever dreamed possible.

A few years ago, I drove from Ontario to Juan de Fuca Park on the west coast of Vancouver Island to see what would have been the end of the road for the Marathon of Hope. It is a wild and rocky place, where ropes of kelp turn in the roiling bay and signs warn of rogue waves. Douglas fir stand tall around the bay — trees just like the ones that framed the running track where Terry had trained in the darkness years before.

I asked people on the beach if they knew about Terry, and they did; it had been that way all across Canada. Everyone had a story about Terry, or felt a connection to him. One of the women on the beach that day said she taught English to new Canadians and said Terry's story is popular among her Chinese students, who love tales of people who overcome obstacles. I met a twenty-eight-year-old surfer who was part of a group of young men who called themselves the Extreme Kindness Crew. "Terry is what I want to be; he's what I want to create in the world," the young man said.

He was only three years old when Terry ran. They'd never met. But, as with countless others, Terry had become the best part of him, just as he became an enduring, timeless part of Canada's story.

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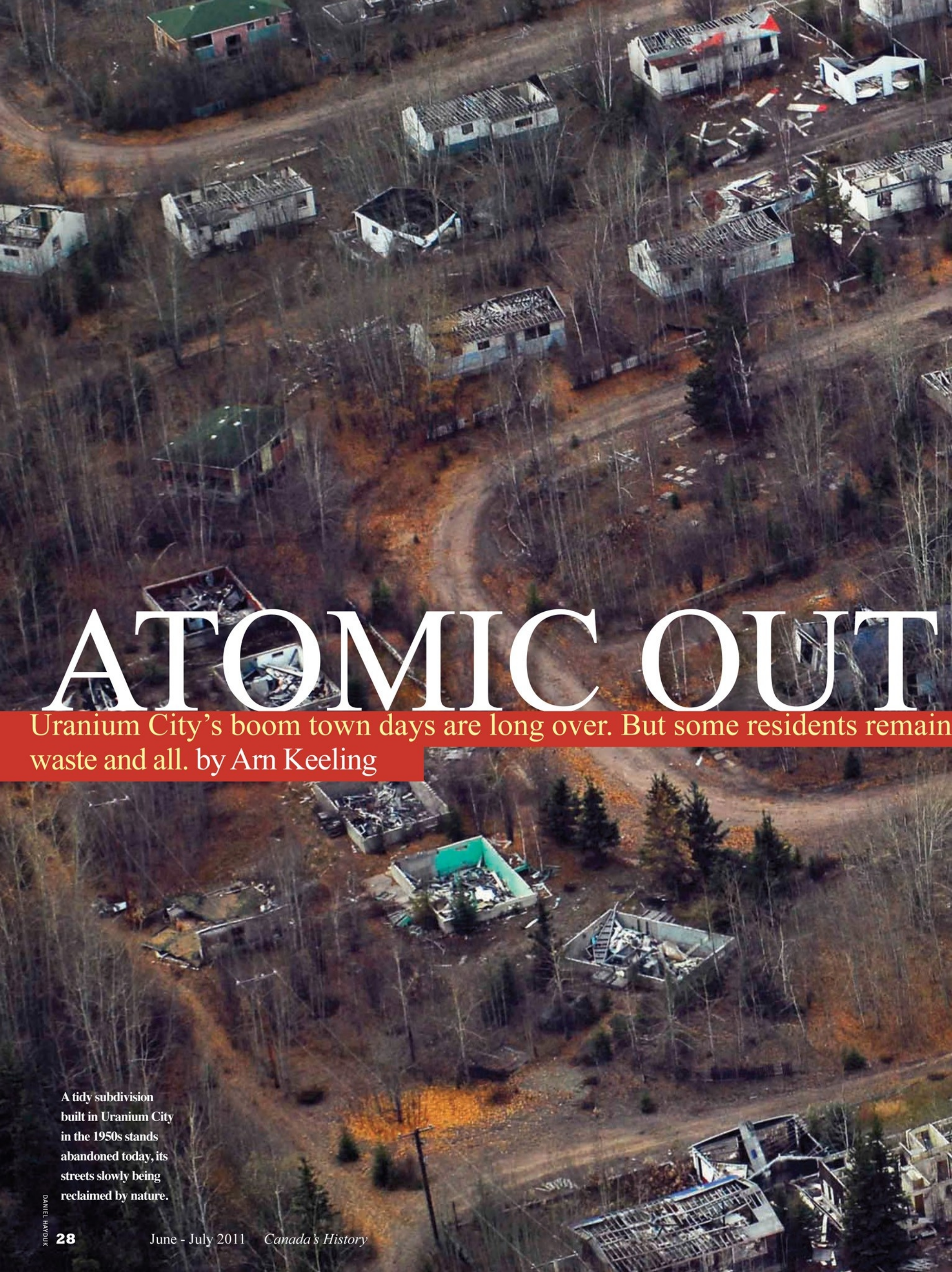
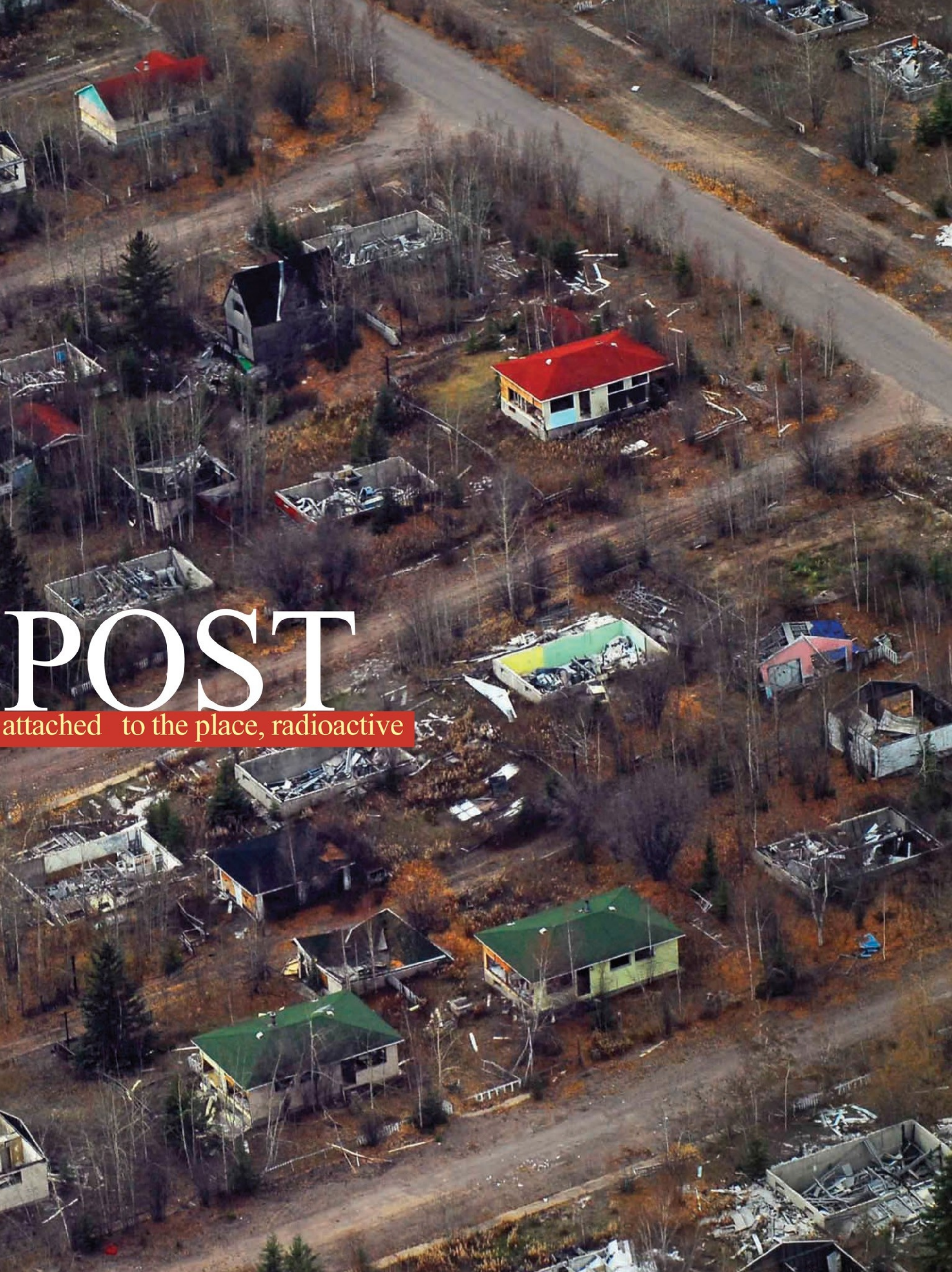
ATOMIC OUT

Uranium City's boom town days are long over. But some residents remain
waste and all. by Arn Keeling



A tidy subdivision built in Uranium City in the 1950s stands abandoned today, its streets slowly being reclaimed by nature.

DANIEL HAYDUK



POST

attached to the place, radioactive

As our boat winds through the small islands of St. Mary's Channel on the remote northern shore of Lake Athabasca, the densely treed shoreline is suddenly broken by the ghostly silhouettes of large, silent buildings. Motoring closer, we can see the unmistakable profile of a towering headframe, the most distinctive symbol of mining. The long-abandoned headframe's housing is now cracked and slouching. Other dilapidated structures also come into focus, including a massive cylindrical water tower atop a rise that proclaims the site's former occupant — Gunnar Mines Ltd.

An array of empty, decaying mine structures, processing plants, and residential buildings are all that is left of the Cold War-era uranium boom in northern Saskatchewan. Fuelled by the nuclear arms race, the boom drew thousands of prospectors, miners, and settlers into the Athabasca region in the late 1940s and early 1950s. In 1952, the Saskatchewan government created the "instant" town of Uranium City, with all the modern conveniences necessary for five thousand people.

But demand for uranium proved as unstable as the metal itself and by 1982 the last mine in the region closed, resulting in an exodus of most of Uranium City's population. The handful of people who remain in the community today live among collapsed houses and empty lots. Schools, shops, the hospital, and similar buildings are empty hulks, sometimes burnt-over. Trees grow through cracks in the pavement.

As my guide and I explore the Gunnar mine site (around twenty-six kilometres from the town itself), we find troubling evidence of mining's impact on the region: a water-filled open pit, large waste rock dumps, piles of detritus, and, over the ridge, a vast expanse of finely ground mill tailings sloping down towards the lake. Signs in English and Dene warn visitors of the radiation and asbestos hazards that linger unseen in the buildings and on the landscape.

DANIEL HAYDUK

My guide, Allen Augier, is quick to reassure visitors to the site. "You know, you don't glow or anything here," he says, laughing. Augier is an affable former miner and fifth-generation Athabascan of Métis heritage who regards himself as an ambassador for the uranium industry. As we explore the back roads and mine sites around the former boom town, he talks animatedly about his love of the land and pleasure in showing off its mining heritage.

SASKATCHEWAN MINING ASSOCIATION

But he also acknowledges the importance of addressing the environmental problems left behind after many of the mine owners simply abandoned their operations when the ore ran out or the markets dried up.

Abandoned mines like those in the Athabasca region are the dark side of Canada's mining

history. It's estimated that Canada has about ten thousand abandoned or closed unremediated mines. Many of them have no identifiable corporate owner or responsible party. They are a holdover of decades of under-regulated mining development in the twentieth century.

Old uranium mines are of particular concern. Not only do the spent mine tailings contain chemicals and heavy metals, which most mining operations leave behind, they also include radioactive material. Dams are built to contain water within tailings ponds, but these dams are sometimes breached and toxic waste seeps into nearby rivers and lakes. For instance, in 1960 a dam failed at the Gunnar Mine near Uranium City, resulting in an unknown amount of radioactive tailings washing into Lake Athabasca. Today, millions of tonnes of tailings remain unreclaimed around uranium mill sites, some flowing into adjoining lakes.

These legacies of the uranium boom may themselves soon be history. In 2008, twenty-six years after the last mine in the area closed, a co-ordinated effort was launched to clean up thirty-seven orphaned uranium mines in northern Saskatchewan. Known as Project CLEANS (Cleanup of Abandoned Northern Sites), it involves the federal and provincial governments, scientific agencies, private companies, and local residents.

While few doubt the importance of cleaning up the old mine sites, some, like Augier, lament the loss of community legacy and sense of history if the old mine structures are demolished.

Above: The abandoned Gunnar mine site today.

Left: The Gunnar open pit mine in the 1960s. The pit is today filled with water.

“There was a mood in Canada at the time to end the
the mines in Ontario’s north, with their problems of

Above: An abandoned pickup truck with parts missing sits rusting in a yard.

About right: Seven-year-old Riley McCallum at the village’s one-room school in 2008.

“To me, I don’t want to see it go, because it’s kind of like one of our main attractions,” says Augier. “It’s kind of our little museum up here.”

Although uranium development brought the biggest industrial transformation of Lake Athabasca, it was another valuable yellow metal — gold — that first brought miners to the region. In 1934, prospector Tom Box found gold on the north shore of the lake. Other prospectors noticed uranium deposits, but the mineral had little value before the nuclear era.

Box’s gold claims were taken up by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, and in a few years the town of Goldfields sprang up near the Box mine. However, the little gold rush was short-lived. When World War II came, many of the miners became soldiers, resulting in a manpower shortage that closed Box and other nearby gold mines by 1942.

Just as gold was losing its lustre, interest in uranium was brightening due to the wartime race to build an atomic weapon. Canada’s first uranium mine at Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories contributed to the U.S. military’s Manhattan Project that built the first nuclear bombs. The mining company, Eldorado Mining and Refining, was nationalized in 1944 and the Canadian government placed strict controls on all aspects of uranium production, transport, and marketing.

Meanwhile, prospectors working for Eldorado confirmed the discovery of low-grade uranium deposits in northern Saskatchewan in 1944. Soon after the war, the federal government lifted restrictions on uranium prospecting and development, prompting a flood of prospectors to wash over the region.

Between 1948 and 1953, some twenty thousand mining claims were staked across northern Saskatchewan. Scores of mining companies established operations in the Beaverlodge district. These included the Eldorado Beaverlodge mine and mill and a private mill site called Lorado, both near Beaverlodge Lake, and the Gunnar mine and mill complex on Lake Athabasca.

DANIEL HAYDUK

development of shanty towns that had grown up around drink, unruly behaviour, (and) criminal activity…"

Overnight, a settlement began taking shape in the Athabasca wilderness. Initially, prospectors lived in tents or rough shacks. Some of the first permanent buildings in the area were skidded across the ice of Beaverlodge Lake in the winter of 1952 from the closed former gold mine at Goldfields. It had all the makings of a rough-and-tumble, hard-drinking, hard-living resource town, which was something governments wanted to avoid.

"There was a mood in Canada at the time to end the development of shanty towns that had grown up around the mines in Ontario's north, with their problems of drink, unruly behaviour, criminal activity, and urban blight," wrote Graham Parsons and Ron Barsi in *Large Mines and the Community* (2001).

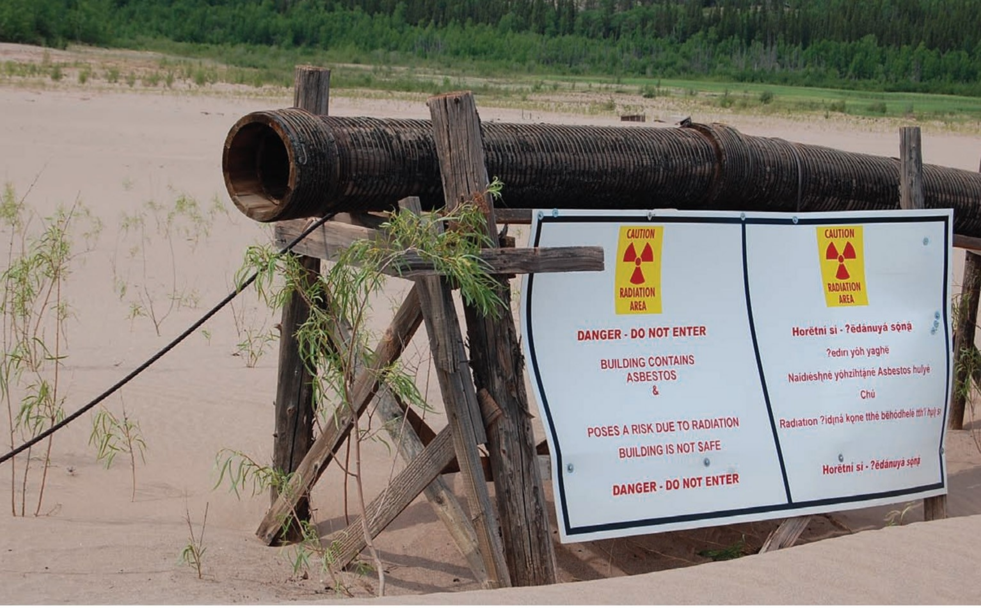
For this reason, the provincial government and Crown-owned Eldorado joined forces to create a centrally planned resource settlement dubbed Uranium City.

"Born in an atomic test tube," as one journalist described it, Uranium City quickly shed its boom town roots, promoting itself as an outpost of modern, atomic-age Canada, complete with suburban-style streets and homes. In 1959, Prince Philip visited the town on a royal tour. Other visitors, like Ritchie Calder, a Scottish baron, writer, and consultant to the United Nations, allowed themselves to imagine "the day when Uranium City will be a city in fact as well as in name — the capital of one of the richest regions of the Atomic Age."

It never happened.

Instead, remote from major population centres and unconnected by road to the outside world, Uranium City rode the ups and downs of the volatile market for uranium. Through the 1950s, the industry benefitted from guaranteed prices and contracts with the United States military. When these contracts ended in the early 1960s, the uranium business shrank rapidly and many mines simply stopped production, their owners walking away. By 1965, the Lorado and Gunnar operations, as well many small mines, had closed. The last to close was Eldorado's Beaverlodge mine, which was decommissioned in 1982, throwing 850 people out of work.

"The town went into shock: Protests were made, committees held, consultants were brought in — all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&
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BUILDING IS NOT SAFE
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RADIATION AREA
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Horëtní si - ?ëdánuya sǫną

Uranium City's closure was seen as the death knell for classic Canadian mining towns.

Above: Signs warn of radiation and asbestos hazards.

Opposite page: The entrance to an abandoned uranium mine.

to no avail," wrote former resident Tim Becket in a 2001 article in the *Ottawa Citizen*. "When the winter road opened in February, moving vans rolled in from Edmonton and Saskatoon, and for a few weeks the ice road across Lake Athabasca was filled with convoys of trucks, cars, and vans on their way south."

Uranium City's closure was seen as the death knell for classic Canadian mining towns; they were replaced by fly-in operations and bunkhouses. As a *Globe and Mail* reporter noted at the time, "They're not building any more 'model towns' like Uranium City. Establishing and maintaining them has proved too expensive. And when the ore inevitably plays out, killing them has proved too traumatic."

The population tumbled from estimates of up to five thousand in the 1950s to perhaps one hundred today, and the town itself fell into decline. By the mid-1980s, hundreds of homes stood empty in barren subdivisions.

Today, much of Uranium City exists in a state of advanced dereliction, from the shattered hulk of Candu High School to its collapsing homes. Its handful of visitors includes the occasional southern journalist or photographer travelling to view this orphan of the nuclear age.

Bumping over the dirt roads around Uranium City in Allen Augier's truck, I see what's left of the dozens of abandoned mines and waste sites. There are refuse piles, adits — mine openings — and large tailings deposits. The latter contain fine, sandy byproducts that can leach heavy metals or radionuclides into lakes and groundwater.

But there is also encouraging evidence of the first results of the multimillion-dollar cleanup. For instance, some of the adits at the smaller mine sites have been capped and secured since the Crown-owned Saskatchewan Research Council began the work in 2008. There is still much to be done, however.

The larger — and more expensive — Gunnar and Lorado sites are undergoing extensive regulatory reviews because of the complex radiation-containment and public-safety problems they pose. Environmental assessments, as well as a review by the Canadian Nuclear Safety Commission, are needed before work can begin. As Erin Taman-Athmer, communications manager for the SRC, points out, "We're several years out before anything will happen at Gunnar, just because of the regulatory process."

Meanwhile, fish consumption advisories remain common at fishing spots like Beaverlodge Lake — where high levels of selenium are a concern. The SRC and regulators are often peppered with tough questions about the cleanup from local residents at community meetings. Some are not confident the area can be made safe.

"Where are they going to store the stuff, even if they move it?" asks eighty-year-old William Schott, a former diamond driller at Beaverlodge mine. "And it's in the air, the water. It'll take a thousand years for this place to be safe."

For some Uranium City residents, like former municipal chairperson Harold Grasley, the state of the town itself is of greater concern than the old mines. "Everybody's looking at the mines — and, oh yeah, they're doing all this great work. Yet there's more safety hazards walking through the streets of Uranium City than there is out in the bush, in through these mine sites," notes Grasley, referring to safety hazards posed by abandoned buildings.

The cleanup will create temporary work for local people, but many are concerned about what will happen to the community once the remediation is completed.

"I think there's a real sense that by cleaning up these mines and by actually making them go away that we're really shutting down their town and their community," the SRC's Taman-Athmer reflects.

But the area's tiny population seems determined to stay. The downtown core has a few services, such as a gas bar and a convenience store. Residents tend to live in small, well-kept neighbourhoods away from the derelict areas. Others live on properties scattered in the nearby bush, and some run fly-in wilderness lodges. There's even a Bible camp. Retired miners live in the area, as do local Cree, Dene, and Métis people. And there is always the prospect of mining returning to the region — exploration for gold and uranium has resumed in recent years as prices for these commodities rose.

Meanwhile, those who left retain a strong sense of identification with the place. Friends of Uranium City holds reunions from time to time; the next one is scheduled for this August in Cypress Hills, Saskatchewan. The group's website allows current and former residents to share stories and photos celebrating their time in the town.

There is even talk of creating a memorial to the history of uranium mining in the region. Guidelines for the environmental assessment of the Gunnar Mine remediation project include consideration of the historic preservation of buildings and artifacts. Headframes, mine buildings, or even waste piles could become a landscape memorial.

Of course, the meaning of these landscapes will differ — a historically minded mining geologist may see them differently than an environmentalist or an Aboriginal resident.

But for Allen Augier, the landscape — abandoned mines and all — is simply home.

"We've got the sand dunes, we've got gravel beaches and cabins. People live out here year-round, so we have places to go to visit," Augier says.

"Being an outdoor person, this is perfect.... You couldn't ask for anything better, you know."

DANIEL HAYDUK

Yellowcake country

Canada is a world leader in the mining of uranium, which in its milled form is called yellowcake. Here are some numbers that illustrate the scale of the industry:

21 Percentage of the world's uranium produced by Canada's mines. In 2009, Kazakhstan overtook Canada as the world's leading producer of uranium.

1 billion Value, in dollars, of annual sales of Canadian uranium.

70,000 Number of jobs dependent upon the Canadian nuclear power industry, of which five thousand are directly related to uranium mining.

80 Percentage of Canadian uranium that is exported to other countries.

8 Number of fingertip-sized uranium fuel pellets needed to provide electricity to an average Canadian home for a year.

20 The energy equivalent, in billions of barrels of oil, of the energy contained in Canada's current uranium reserves.

47.9 Amount, in millions of dollars, pegged for cleanup of abandoned uranium mines in northern Saskatchewan.

Parks Canada 100 Years

QUIET CRUSADER

A little-known, hard-working civil servant deserves recognition as the father of our National Historic Sites and parks. by E.J. (Ted) Hart

Book history can never fire the imagination like physical object lessons. No Canadian wants the scene of famous victories — of peace or of war — incorporated within the grounds of some private owner.

—J.B. Harkin, *Just a Sprig of Mountain Heather*, 1914.

While most Canadians could name some of our National Historic Sites and national parks, very few could name the man behind them—James Bernard Harkin. Known as the "father of Canada's national parks," Harkin was also behind the establishment of what today is a related system of 167 National Historic Sites managed by Parks Canada.

Given today's growing interest in conservation, recreation, and historic site preservation, it seems strange that a man who played such a key role in these areas should be so unknown. Or perhaps not. After all, we are more accustomed to our heroes being sports stars, actors, generals, and scientists — not government bureaucrats.

The way parks and historic sites evolved in this country, as well as Harkin's position and modus operandi, also contributed to his relative anonymity. For instance, in the United States, the creation of the National Park Service in 1916 was largely the work of Stephen Mather. The wealthy, gregarious, and well-connected businessman launched a vigorous campaign for public and private support for the parks and made generous contributions from his personal fortune. Much has been written about Mather and there are many features in American parks — such as Mather Point at the Grand Canyon — that carry his name.

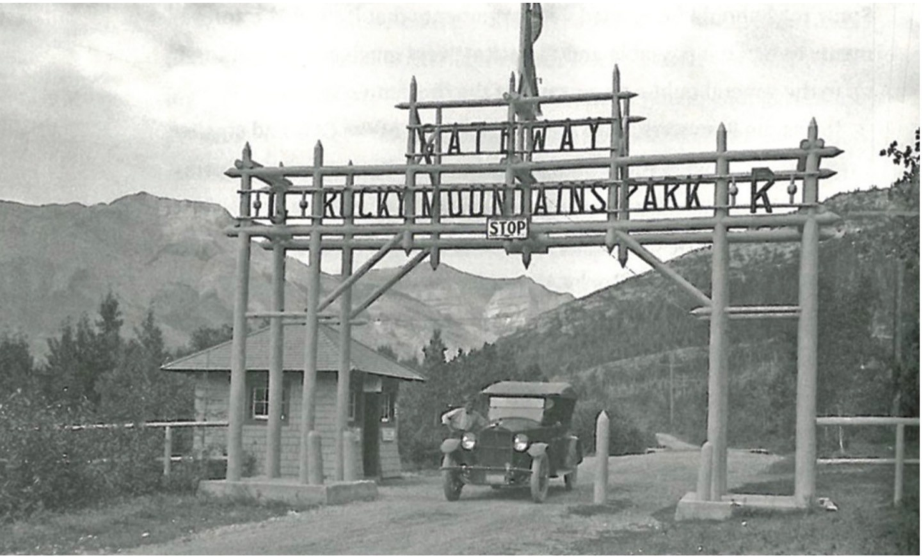
In Canada, the parks and historic site systems were largely driven by the efforts of politicians and bureaucrats. Harkin was the civil servant at the helm of these efforts and, in line with the nature of government service and his own predilection for keeping a low profile, he left little record of his accomplishments. However, he wasn't utterly forgotten. One landmark is named after him — Mount Harkin in Kootenay National Park — and his name appears on a commemorative plaque in Banff and on a conservation medal established in 1972.

Left page: J.B. Harkin in 1937, as photographed by Yousuf Karsh.

LAC/R613-668-8-E

Harkin was born at Vankleek Hill, Ontario, in 1875, the son of William Harkin, a doctor and Conservative MLA. He grew up under the influence of his older brother William Jr., a political journalist with the *Ottawa Journal*. At age seventeen, Harkin followed in his brother's footsteps and joined the newspaper. He soon rose to the position of city editor, with a seat in the parliamentary press gallery. He reported on the success of Wilfrid Laurier and his Liberals as they began to remake the nation in the wake of their 1896 election victory. His writing skills and knowledge of politics soon brought him to the attention of Laurier's western lieutenant, Interior Minister Clifford Sifton, who approached him about becoming his political secretary.

After passing his civil service examinations, the twenty-six-year-old Harkin began government service as a second-class clerk on December 2, 1901. His sensitive position required him to work behind the scenes, establishing a trait that would become a hallmark of his entire career. He soon rose to the position of chief secretary. When Edmonton MP Frank Oliver succeeded Sifton as minister in 1905, Harkin continued in his post and became Oliver's foremost troubleshooter.



WHYTE MUSEUM OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES//V263/NA-3432

Above: The gateway to Rocky Mountains Park at Exshaw, Alberta, in 1916. Cars gradually replaced horses as the main form of transporation in parks.

One of Oliver's many responsibilities was the Department of the Interior's haphazard collection of parks and reserves. This began with the creation of Rocky Mountains (later Banff) Park along the new CPR line in 1887. Scenic reserves around Mount Stephen near Field, British Columbia, and Rogers Pass in the Selkirks (later Yoho and Glacier national parks) were soon added, along with a small forest park at Waterton Lakes, Alberta, created in 1895 and a large elk preserve east of Edmonton established in 1903 (later Elk Island National Park). In 1907, Oliver himself spearheaded the creation of the large Jasper Forest Park along the lines of two new railways near the headwaters of the Athabasca River.

The growing number of holdings and the lack of administrative oversight of them had by 1911 led the minister to sponsor a bill — the Dominion Forest Reserves and Parks Act — putting the five parks under the auspices of a new Dominion Parks Branch. Oliver asked Harkin to head it. Despite professing to know "nothing about parks or what would be expected of me," Harkin became the commissioner of the Dominion Parks Branch on August 10, 1911.

Harkin faced several challenges. The new legislation said parks could only be part of forest reserves, yet the existing reserves were so seriously reduced in size that they were almost irrelevant. Furthermore, he realized that in order to strengthen and increase the size of the nascent park system — indeed, even to have it survive — Canadians had to believe parks were important.

To accomplish this, he utilized some thinking then current in Canadian social and economic life — an emerging belief that nature was not something that needed to be beaten back in mankind's quest for progress, but was something that had humanizing elements that could restore health and help soothe city-worn nerves. Harkin became convinced of this after experiencing the Rocky Mountains himself for the first time at an Alpine Club of Canada camp in 1912.

"People sometimes accuse me of being a mystic about the influence of the mountains," he wrote later. "Perhaps I am. I devoutly believe that there are emanations from them, intangible but very real, which elevate the mind and purify the spirit."

The act indicated that parks existed "for the benefit, advantage, and enjoyment of the people of Canada," and Harkin argued this was best achieved through "the pure, wholesome, healthful recreation of the great outdoors" that national parks offered.

Another challenge Harkin faced was the political expectation that parks would pull their own weight — all of the Department of the Interior's activities in the West were supposed to contribute to the national purse. After carrying out research into the value of tourism to many European countries' economies, he determined that tourism could provide the necessary revenue to parks. Thus he became a strong proponent of making parks accessible to what was then a new technology — the automobile. Roads and drives soon became the focus of much of the Parks Branch's early development work.

Harkin developed a trademark ability to coin memorable phrases, claiming that the parks system would produce "dividends in gold and dividends in human units." In 1920, his approach bore fruit when soon-to-be prime minister Arthur Meighen supported increased funding for parks. Harkin recalled, "the appropriations vote passed without further objection and the economic value of the parks was thenceforth established."

Harkin had by then already scored some victories. In 1913, he succeeded in having an amendment passed to remove the necessity for all parks to be in forest reserves. And in 1914 a decision to decrease the size of Rocky Mountains, Jasper, and Waterton parks was reversed. The same year, Harkin produced *Just a Sprig of Mountain Heather*, at once a beautiful souvenir for park visitors but also a document of Canada's park policy.

Central to the policy was his call for four distinct types of parks — "scenic parks, historic parks, animal parks, and parks located specially for congested areas of population."

Scenic parks were already well established, but they were all in the West, where their creation was made easier because much land was still under federal control. To create parks near large population areas, he needed to expand the system to Eastern Canada.

It was in the drive to accomplish this that Harkin first identified a role for the "historic parks" he mentioned in *Sprig*. He had become an early member of the Historic Landmarks Association of Canada (later the Canadian Historical Association), formed in 1907 as an offshoot of the Royal Society of Canada to co-ordinate interest in heritage preservation and commemoration.

Among the association's goals were efforts to develop the Plains of Abraham in celebration of Quebec's tercentenary in 1908, as well as plans to do an inventory of significant historic sites across Canada. However, nationalist rivalries all but paralyzed the organization. This provided Harkin with an opening to fill the breach.

"There are many places of historic interest, poorly marked or not marked at all," he said in a 1913 report. "While it is somewhat out of the sphere of national parks to deal with the marking of battlefields, it is most desirable from a national standpoint that such should be set aside as national reserves and that the ruins, old forts, old towers, and such, holding historic associations, should be preserved."

He went on to say that these historic spots "should be used as places of resort by Canadian children who, while gaining the benefit of outdoor recreation, would at the same time have the opportunity to absorb historical knowledge under conditions that could not fail to make them better Canadians."

Fort Howe in Saint John, New Brunswick, was the first location to be designated as a national historic park. This came about largely due to the efforts of Mabel Peters, president of the Playgrounds Association of Saint John, who wrote to Harkin of unsuccessful local attempts to turn Fort Howe into a park and playground. The fort had been built during the American Revolutionary War to protect the harbour and it subsequently played a significant role for the United Empire Loyalists and in the founding of Saint John in 1783.

Harkin immediately recognized an opportunity for marrying the value of outdoor recreation for Canadian children with the marking and preservation of historic sites. Fort Howe also filled the goal of being located close to an eastern centre of population. It was established as a national historic park by Order-in-Council on March 30, 1914. The dedication of Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, as Fort Anne Historic Park followed in 1917.

At the same time, Harkin worked to create the other types of parks mentioned in *Sprig*. He formed an animal division and began building on the work of earlier parks officials to preserve the largest, and one of the last-remaining, bison herds at Buffalo Park, near Wainwright, Alberta. Many of the bison were later shipped to Wood Buffalo National Park, created in 1922 in the Northwest Territories.

The threat to another declining species in the West, the pronghorn antelope, was addressed with the dedication of three antelope parks — Wawaskesy, Menissawok, and Nemiskam — in southern Alberta and Saskatchewan in the early 1920s.

Harkin eventually became responsible for all wildlife on federal lands, which led to his involvement in the 1917 passage of the Migratory Birds Convention Act that confirmed an international treaty with the United States. The branch began setting up bird sanctuaries and in 1918 created one of Canada's first national parks based on bird protection at Ontario's Point Pelee on Lake Erie.

After the First World War, Harkin continued creating new parks in the West. One success he particularly savoured resulted from his efforts at seeing through the completion of a road undertaken in 1912 to connect Banff with the interior of British Columbia. The road provided a tourist route from the West Coast and the United States.

When work languished during the war years, Harkin and road promoter Randolph Bruce approached the minister with a proposal that the road be completed by the federal government in return for the province providing a right-of-way extending five miles on either side. In 1920, Kootenay National Park was created from these lands. Harkin regarded its establishment, along with the completion of the Banff-Windermere Highway in 1923, as among his greatest achievements.

Meanwhile, in 1919, Arthur Meighen — who was then minister of the Interior Department — was under pressure to preserve important Canadian historic sites. He turned to Harkin as the only bureaucrat with experience in the field.

Harkin proposed the creation of an expert board that would make recommendations and be supported by existing government machinery under the Parks Branch. This resulted in the creation of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, with a membership of five respected historians and Harkin as secretary.

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Above: An undated photo of Fort Beauséjour in New Brunswick shows a restored wall and musuem. Originally built in 1751, the fort was one of Canada's first identified historic sites. Today it is known as Fort Beauséjour-Fort Cumberland National Historic Site.

At its first meeting in October 1919, the board decided to carry out a survey of Canadian historic sites. It identified 547 sites in its first few years, but due to rivalries in its membership — the historians tended to promote their own particular interests or region, leading to competitiveness and rancour — and lack of funds, the board's initial accomplishments were limited.

In fact, only a year after its first meeting, one of the board's disgruntled members was actively campaigning to have it abolished. Harkin, in turn, urged then Prime Minister Meighen to remove the member, saying, "his presence has been productive of nothing but delay and trouble." However, this didn't happen until 1923, when a new slate of board members was appointed.

One thing the board agreed on was that only sites of national significance should be marked. A distinctive commemorative plaque was commissioned for this purpose.

In 1921, a new Historic Sites Division was established in the Parks Branch, with Arthur Pinard, a francophone ex-army officer, hired to head it. The first commemorative plaque was installed in 1922 at Port Dover in southern Ontario — now Cliff Site National Historic Site — to mark New France's claim to the Lake Erie region in 1670. After 1923, progress began with restoration at a few locations, including Fort Chambly, Fort Lennox, Fort Wellington, and Fort Langley.

As it happened, the most extensive work on historic sites took place during the Great Depression. Harkin, who used his own engineering staff to do the planning, convinced the government to create jobs by providing public works funding for rebuilding at Fortress Louisbourg and Fort Beauséjour, and for establishing museums at Fort Chambly and Fort Anne.

In what was one of Harkin's greatest achievements, the wording of the National Parks Act of 1930 identified National Historic Sites separately from national parks. Historic sites were thereby inalterably set on a different course, albeit under the control of the same agency.

Harkin went on to complete his career in parks-building by gaining major parks for the Maritimes — he drafted the legislative framework for the establishment of Cape Breton Highlands National Park in 1936 and Prince Edward Island National Park in 1937. But, despite having little time to devote to it, he also remained committed to historic site work until his retirement in 1936.

When he died in 1955, the *Ottawa Journal* published a front-page obituary referring to him as the "father of Canada's national parks." The obituary noted his success at bringing "organization out of the former laissez-faire chaos in establishing the parks."

The Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada recommended that Harkin be designated a person of national historic significance. In 1958, a commemorative plaque was unveiled at Banff identifying him as "Editor, Public Servant, Conservationist and Humanitarian."

Perhaps the honour he would have most appreciated came in 1972, when the Canadian Parks and Wilderness Society announced the creation of the J.B. Harkin Conservation Award. The Harkin Medal is presented to "keep alive the memory of this exceptional Canadian" and "recognize those who serve the parks with equal distinction."

Fittingly, its first recipient was Jean Chrétien, who was then the minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, in recognition of his work to establish eleven new national parks, including three in the North.

Today there are forty-two national parks in Canada and four national marine conservation areas. And, at last count, there were 956 National Historic Sites, of which 167 are administered by Parks Canada, as well as 648 persons of national historic significance and 417 events of national historic significance.

This makes up one of the most extensive networks of protected places in the world — an impressive legacy left by a man who at first professed to know "nothing about parks."

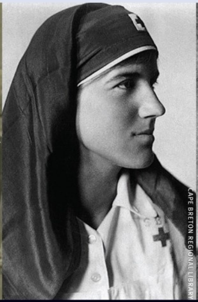
Heroes of historical preservation

Parks Canada 100 Years

Historic sites don't save themselves. It often takes volunteers with a passion for preservation to ensure that historically significant places don't get demolished, paved over, or otherwise erased. Here are some of the people who have helped save our National Historic Sites.

SOCIÉT'D'HISTOIRE DE LA SEIGNEURIE DE CHAMBLY

Joseph-Octave Dion


CAPE BRETON REGIONAL LIBRARY

Katharine McLennan

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J.C. Webster

RCMP

Stuart Taylor Wood

Joseph-Octave Dion (1838–1916)
Fort Chambly's live-in guardian

Joseph-Octave Dion grew up next to the ruins of Fort Chambly, which was originally built along the Richelieu River to protect the colonists of New France from the Iroquois. Dion moved to Montreal, where he pursued a career in journalism. When he eventually returned to his hometown, he was alarmed at the fort's decline — people were removing stone blocks and using them to build homes and fences. Dion began raising funds, organized guided tours, and in 1875 published the first history of Fort Chambly. He also moved onto the grounds of the fort, where he lived for three decades. The federal Department of Public Works eventually provided funds to overhaul the fort, and Dion became the project's overseer.

Katharine McLennan (1892–1975)
Louisbourg's champion

Many people campaigned for the restoration of the Fortress of Louisbourg, but one person who stands out is Katharine McLennan — a member of a wealthy, well-connected family who vacationed on land adjacent to the ruins of the eighteenth-century French fortification. After returning from overseas service as a nurse during World War I, McLennan took on the task of reviving Louisbourg, collecting French artifacts, establishing a museum, constructing a scale model of the town site, and lobbying for federal recognition of the ruins. At the time McLennan began her work, the once-mighty fortified town in Cape Breton was reduced to sheep enclosures and had fallen prey to souvenir hunters. Today it is a top historic destination, visited by thousands of tourists annually.

J.C. Webster (1863–1950)
Renowned doctor turned historian

J.C. Webster was a prominent physician who practised and taught in the United States, pioneering new approaches to obstetrics and gynecology. Plagued with chronic health problems, he abruptly ended his medical work in 1920 at age fifty-seven and returned to his hometown of Shediac, New Brunswick, where he began a second career as a historian. Webster and his wife Alice Lusk Webster, an accomplished art collector, amassed a huge collection of artifacts that was eventually donated to the New Brunswick Museum. Webster also purchased the land under which New Brunswick's Fort Beauséjour was situated, later donating it to Canada. A chairman of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, he spearheaded the establishment of museums at the forts of Beauséjour, Louisbourg, Gaspareaux, and Anne.

Stuart Taylor Wood (1889–1966)
Visionary Mountie of Fort Walsh

Stuart Taylor Wood developed a passion for mounted police history from his father, Zachary Taylor Wood, who served with the NWMP during the Northwest Rebellion and the Yukon gold rush. The younger Wood joined the force in 1912, eventually rising to the top post of commissioner. He established the first RCMP museum in 1933–1934. In 1942, he purchased from a rancher the site of old Fort Walsh — the former NWMP post at the forefront of bringing order to the West. He rebuilt it to conform as closely as possible to the 1875 original and used it to raise the RCMP's famed black horses. After Wood died in 1966, the fort was turned over to Parks Canada as a National Historic Site.

—Nelle Oosterom

Winter of the

Frost, fire, and famine laid waste to St. John's in 1817 — and led to the ruin

"Several hundred men in the prime of life, without money, or the means of being employed, without adequate clothing or food, are at the hour of midnight wandering amidst the smoking ruins to seek warmth from the ashes and food from the refuse of half-consumed fish."

The time is November 1817. The place is St. John's.

The quote, from the Newfoundland judiciary of the time, makes startling reading to modern eyes. The city of St. John's was entering into the darkest period of its history, an era that would become known as the Winter of the Rals (rowdies).

A large section of central St. John's had been burned to the ground, and with it a significant proportion of the city's winter supplies. One of the coldest winters on record was closing in, and the city was stranded hundreds of miles from any other major centre. Relief had been requested, but the telegraph and the steamship were decades away. This was the age of letter and sail. People knew only too well that aid would be agonizingly slow to arrive.

The man to suffer the dreadful luck of being governor during this period was Vice Admiral Francis Pickmore. An Englishman in his early sixties, Pickmore had earned a steady stream of promotions during his long career. He had equipped himself well in many parts of the world, including Newfoundland, where he had served as a young lieutenant

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

Rals

of Newfoundland's unluckiest governor. *by Paul Butler*

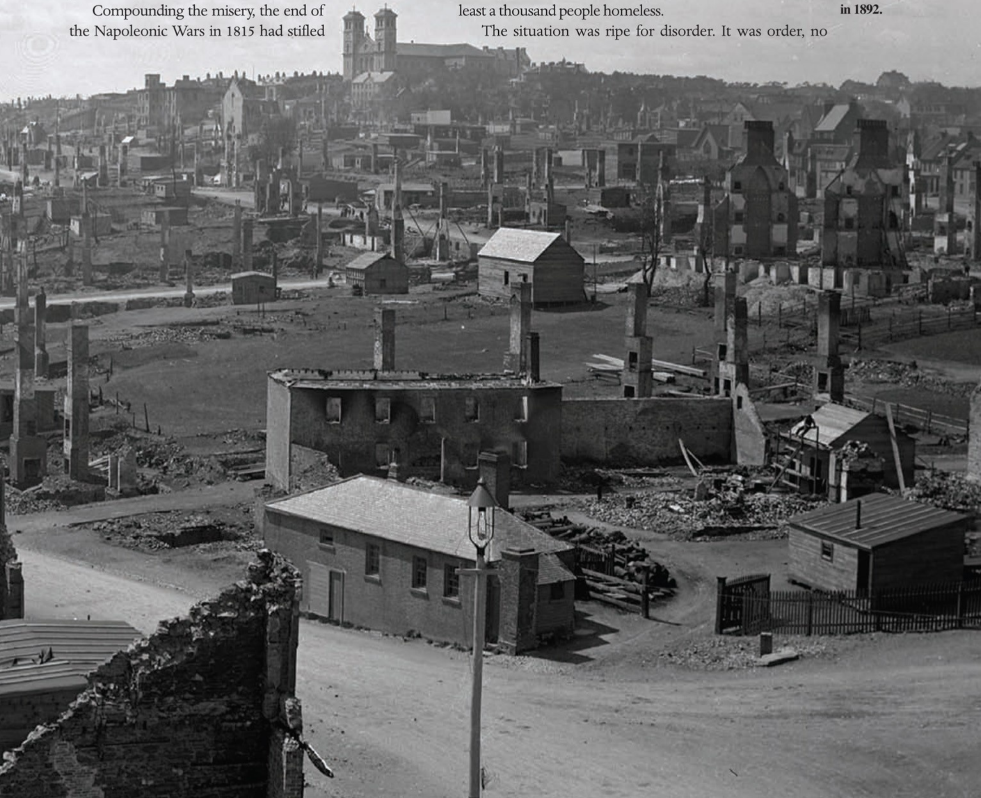
in 1777. He was known as an amiable and humane man.

When Pickmore first arrived in Newfoundland as governor on September 5, 1816, times were already hard. The fishery was suffering from unusually poor weather that also marred land and sea harvests worldwide. The underlying cause for this "year without a summer" was a volcano that had erupted on the Indonesian island of Sumbawa in 1815. The largest eruption in recorded history, its ashes blocked the sun, lowering temperatures and causing crop failures and poor fishing.

Compounding the misery, the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815 had stifled the economy of port cities like St. John's. The price of fish crashed. Many merchant operations that drove and supplied shipping went into receivership and closed shop. General riots in St. John's threatened even those enterprises that were still functioning.

To make matters worse, a serious fire in February 1816 had destroyed some of the city's provisions. On that occasion, bone-dry fish flakes laid out in the open spaces of the city, and covered in dry boughs, had helped fuel an inferno that destroyed 120 homes in the crowded downtown, leaving at least a thousand people homeless.

The situation was ripe for disorder. It was order, no

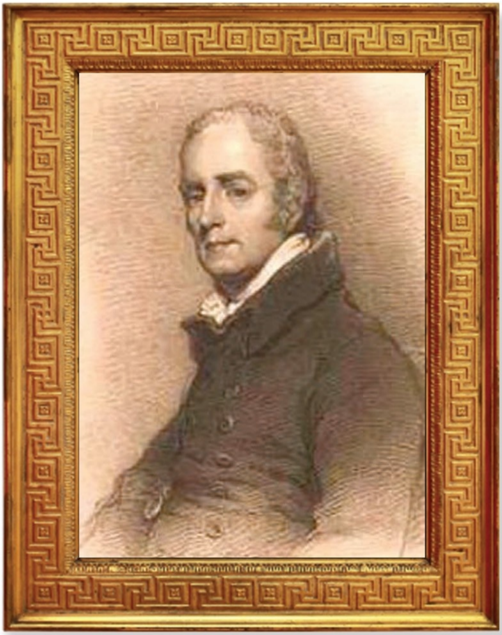


Fires have destroyed St. John's, Newfoundland, on more than one occasion. Here, the city lies in ruins after another catastrophic fire in 1892.

doubt, that the government had in mind when it appointed the seasoned, sixty-year-old Pickmore as its representative on the island.

When Pickmore arrived in the autumn of the 1816, he brought with him £10,000 in relief funds. Some of that money was earmarked for return passages to England — reflecting the Home Office's curious attitude to Newfoundland's permanent residents.

Although there had been permanent settlements on the island for more than two hundred years, London still regarded it as a seasonal fishing station. Its favourite solution to crises often included half-baked plans to evacuate the island. Sometimes the suggested solution was mass resettlement to Nova Scotia; sometimes it involved bringing the population back to the British Isles.



Above: Colonial Secretary Lord Bathurst, who turned down Governor Pickmore's request for a warm winter home. There are no known portraits of Pickmore.

Pickmore himself stayed in St. John's for only a few months, returning to England in November — as was the custom for Newfoundland governors at the time. He left a deputy, Commander David Buchan, to oversee the distribution of relief in what would prove to be another brutal winter. This was followed by a poor summer fishery in 1817, more shop closures, and increasing instances of looting.

The deteriorating situation worried the Home Office so much that it instituted a change in policy — governors were to overwinter in St. John's. Pickmore was to remain in Newfoundland from September 1817 to the following spring. This "first" in Newfoundland history would prove to be one of several unenviable distinctions for the aging vice admiral.

The winter of 1817–1818 would prove as viciously cold as the one Pickmore had escaped the previous year. But cold, disorder, and hunger were not the only curses with which the beleaguered governor would have to cope. Another — a constant threat hovering over the life of the capital city in the 1800s — was fire.

Around 10:00 p.m. on the evening of November 7, 1817, a blaze broke out in a house adjoining Water Street. In the words of *The Royal Gazette*, Newfoundland's first newspaper, the conflagration had an "appearance that struck every beholder with terror and dismay.... The flames spread in every direction with the rapidity of lightning."

The fire, aided and abetted by the narrow streets and wooden buildings, destroyed 130 buildings, including homes, businesses, warehouses, and wharves. Thankfully, no lives were lost.

But on the early morning of November 21, a second fire erupted in the premises of a Water Street merchant, quickly engulfing the buildings around it. The combined calamity of the two blazes, known jointly as The Great Fire of 1817, left four hundred buildings destroyed and about three thousand people homeless.

Together with ruin and homelessness, the flames had ignited suspicion: Was this arson? In November *The Royal Gazette* rather glibly assured the public that any suspicion the fires had been started deliberately were without foundation. Yet, early in the new year, after several smaller fires broke out, Governor Pickmore issued a public proclamation offering £300 to anyone who "shall discover and bring to conviction any Offender or Offenders having maliciously set Fire to, or been accessory to the malicious setting Fire to any house or houses in this Town."

Who was responsible? Was it the would-be looters? Or was another element of society to blame?

Two years after the fires of 1817, naval officer William Glascock suggested arson was a common merchant ploy in St. John's, used regularly as a means to claim on insurance and avoid bankruptcy. There were certainly plenty of merchants in imminent danger of bankruptcy during these most difficult of times. Yet no one was brought to trial for arson.

The winter of 1817–1818 was the coldest on record. Pickmore had sent a request to Halifax for emergency provisions after the November 7 fire. But the aid that would eventually make its way by sail did not take into account the second fire.

Cries for help made their way at a snail's pace by letter, and at the mercy of the capricious wind. Relief would journey via the same arduous and uncertain means. Winter closed in, freezing St. John's harbour. It swiftly became obvious to Pickmore that the requested aid was insufficient and that St. John's was desperately alone.

Weeks and months followed in which there was looting among the ruins. Gnawing hunger drove the desperate to steal food burned beyond recognition. Hungry, desperate people crowded the streets, wandering aimlessly. The judiciary made its ominous remarks about "men in the prime of their life" without money or employment.

While there was undoubtedly a humanitarian concern behind such sentiments, there was also a sense of panic. Nowhere is the fear of the populace more in evidence than in Francis Pickmore's own search for suitable accommodations.

The governor's official residence at Fort Townshend was on high, exposed ground above the city, and it was really a summer home only. Pickmore wrote to the Home Office in London that the building "of fir weather boarding" was "exposed to the northeast or colder winds." He concluded that it was "in no way suited for a winter habitation in this climate." He described how "even in the month of November last; the snow having in the course of a very short snowstorm, accompanied with a gale of wind, penetrated into the bedrooms." He requested funds from Lord Bathurst, the colonial secretary, to build a new, weatherproof accommodation on the same grounds.

Known as the Great Fire of 1817, the double disaster left four hundred buildings destroyed and three thousand people homeless.

Lord Bathurst refused. Citing the prohibitive cost of a new house, he instructed Pickmore to relocate to some dwelling in the centre of the city — the very place where the homeless masses roamed, where riots, break-ins, and small fires continued unabated.

No surviving records indicate the precise nature of his fears, but we do know Pickmore did not move into the centre of the city as Bathurst had instructed. It seems Pickmore, who had already contracted a cold, would rather have taken his chances with the elements in an unfit Government House than with a volatile populace of St. John's — especially with the ever-present threat of arson.

Meanwhile, Pickmore frantically penned updates to London and letters of thanks to organizations, such as a residents' committee in Boston that had sent relief. Overwork was taking its toll on the governor, however. His chill turned into a bronchial infection. Still, he did not move from his frigid home to warmer quarters in the city centre. He became weaker and weaker. On February 24, 1818, he died.

Pickmore had become the first Newfoundland governor to die in office.

The immediate concern of his temporary successor, Captain John Bowker of HMS *Sir Francis Drake*, was what to do with the late governor's remains. Protocol demanded he be sent home for formal burial, but the harbour was frozen solid.

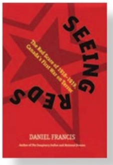
As a solution, Bowker organized a formal procession "with the ceremony due to his rank," taking Pickmore's body to a temporary home in a vault in the Anglican Church. Naval officers and civil and military authorities attended the procession, which was accompanied by gunfire from the warships and forts. The bill for this temporary funeral was £333 and 10s. The significant sum was not questioned by the Home Office, indicating the high regard with which the late governor was generally held.

Then, in March 1818, under Bowker's direction, 350 seamen hacked through 2,856 yards of solid ice to create a channel through which the vessel HMS *Fly* could transport the governor's remains home to England. The back-breaking work took three weeks to complete.

So that his body would survive the long and uncertain voyage for later burial, it was afforded the dubious dignity of being preserved in a puncheon of rum. Though the image might seem lurid and brutal to us now, it possessed a certain grandeur of association. This was how the war hero Horatio Nelson had returned to England after the Battle of Trafalgar.

Fire would continue to haunt the city of St. John's throughout the 1800s, most notably in 1846 and 1892. But never again did flame conspire with economic hardship and the merciless elements to expose a population so completely.

For sheer suffering, the Winter of the Rals stands alone.



RED HERRING

Seeing Reds: The Red Scare of 1918–1919, Canada's First War on Terror
by Daniel Francis
Arsenal Pulp Press, Vancouver, 2010
280 pp., illus., $27.95 hardcover

The Winnipeg General Strike of 1919 decisively shaped Canadian society and remains without parallel in our history. It deeply influenced the shape of modern industrial relations, the alignment and structure of political parties, and the adoption of progressive social policies.

Echoes of the general strike were heard for years across Manitoba and the West. In the 1970s, for example, Manitoba deputy minister of labour N.D. Cochrane, with the support of prominent Progressive Conservative and NDP provincial MLAs, promoted a book about strike leader and long-time activist Bob Russell. In the book's foreword Cochrane praised Russell as an example of the "dedication, a revolutionary spirit with missionary zeal, on the part of labour leaders of that time."

Issues and intrigues in the strike remain a rich source for books, articles, and even one national museum exhibition. Scholars still revisit the strike and reassess it through current perspectives. This is the purpose of the latest book by Daniel Francis, a Vancouver author who has published widely on issues of identity, history, and culture.

Francis sets out a clear account of the Winnipeg General Strike, placing it in the context of simmering economic and immigrant tensions. He describes union conflicts in the years before the First World War and the intensity of community and political strife as casualties grew in that bloody conflict. The federal government of Robert Borden adopted unprecedented legal measures to suppress domestic wartime opposition. Francis shows how these instruments continued to be used after the war to control the new militancy of industrial unions and their socialist allies.

Conditions for working people had deteriorated seriously during the war. Returning veterans added to the pressures, competing for jobs in a low-wage economy. Industrial conflicts across Canada combined with reports on the Russian revolution to feed hopes and fears. Francis describes these escalating tensions, the outbreak of Winnipeg's city-wide conflict, and the final courtroom spectacle of strike leaders charged with sedition and conspiracy.

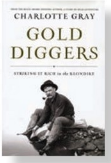
In reality, there was no Bolshevik revolution waiting to seize power. The "red scare" was a fearful dream of the leading employers, aided by a gullible media, a nervous government, and some citizen supporters. The heroes in this historic confrontation were the thousands of general strike participants — notable for their peaceful conduct, their cohesion, and their support for a small group of leaders who had eloquently voiced popular grievances.

The author's sympathies lie with the strikers, but his wider goal is to express a contemporary political message. In his last chapter, following a rapid survey of domestic conflicts, Francis concludes: "When faced with perceived threats to security ... the Canadian government, with the support of the press and much of the public, has responded time after time with [a] stern hand of repression ... regardless of our commitment to freedom of expression and the rule of law."

Francis's wrap-up is breathtaking. He links events such as the wartime internment of Japanese-Canadians, Cold War fears of espionage, FLQ bombing campaigns, and today's anti-terrorism efforts. What is the point of his sweeping generalization? We certainly know that Canadian authorities traditionally affirm the centrality of "peace, order, and good government." It is a defining feature of this country's political values. Yet Francis seems uneasy about this, even as he recognizes that governments do amend their rules and are also subject to independent court reviews.

The Winnipeg General Strike did not win wage concessions in 1919, but it transformed political expectations. Within a few years, this led to major reforms in economic welfare, industrial relations, and social behaviour — a revolution in how Canada governed itself.

Reviewed by **Victor Rabinovitch**, the outgoing president of the Canadian Museum of Civilization and the Canadian War Museum.



YELLOW FEVER

Gold Diggers: Striking it Rich in the Klondike
by Charlotte Gray
HarperCollins, Toronto, 2010
425 pp., illus., $34.99 hardcover

In the summer of 1896, a prospector by the name of George Carmack struck it rich on a stream in the Yukon. When word of Carmack's discovery got out, reaching the U.S. during a particularly bleak period of economic recession, hordes of gold-crazed prospectors from all across North America flocked to the Yukon.

Following in the wake of the prospectors was a ragtag assortment of adventurers, con artists, opportunists, prostitutes, card sharks, journalists, and lawmen who together set the scene for one of the most colourful chapters in Canadian history. In *Gold Diggers: Striking it Rich in the Klondike*, award-winning author and History Society chair Charlotte Gray deftly weaves together the stories of six very different characters — aspiring writer Jack London, miner William Haskell, businesswoman Belinda Mulrooney, priest Father William Judge, journalist Flora Shaw, and Mountie Sam Steele — to create a vivid and comprehensive account of the last of the great gold rushes.

Just getting to the Klondike in 1896 was a gruelling test of endurance. Once the stampeders made it up the steep, icy slopes of the Elias Mountains and traversed the notorious Chilkoot Pass, they then faced a nearly one-thousand-kilometre voyage through a mosquito-infested wilderness.

Only a small percentage of those who attempted the journey made it to Dawson. Those who did found themselves in a "squalid, gold-crazy settlement of shacks and tents" that lacked even the most basic amenities. Gray paints an evocative picture of life in this raucous frontier town where the saloons rarely closed, men outnumbered women nine to one, and approximately four hundred prostitutes worked the streets.

Contrary to popular belief, not all women in the Klondike were dance hall girls or prostitutes. In fact, two of Gray's most interesting characters — Shaw and Mulrooney — were powerful women who greatly influenced the development of Dawson. Belinda Mulrooney, the resourceful, uneducated daughter of a Pennsylvania coal miner, arrived in Dawson in 1897 to discover a city whose "commercial potential was seriously underexploited." In typical rags-to-riches fashion, she landed in town with only one quarter to her name, and two years later she was the head of a multimillion dollar hotel empire.

Flora Shaw, the colonial correspondent for the *London Times*, changed the entire course of Dawson's history when she reported widespread corruption among government officials. As a result of her exposé, Sam Steele, "the Lion of the North," was assigned to clean up this "high-spirited circus on the brink of becoming a thieves' kitchen."

Rags-to-riches stories abound in Klondike mythology. However, as Gray makes clear, not all prospectors struck it rich and the streets "were paved not with gold but with muck as thick as gumbo."

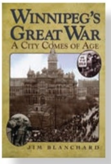
Prospecting was back-breaking labour. In summer the men slogged in the creeks from dawn till dusk. And in winter they sank shafts in the frozen muck below ground. When not working, they huddled in squalid cabins, surviving on a miserable diet of beans, bacon, and bannock — fare that left them malnourished and at risk of developing scurvy, one of the leading causes of death in the Klondike.

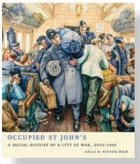
But despite the hard labour, isolation, illness, brutal cold, and exorbitant prices, the stampeders just kept coming. At its peak in 1898, Dawson's population reached an astonishing thirty thousand.

The boom took its toll on the environment as well as on the indigenous people. Those who suffered most as a result of the stampede were the Han, whose way of life was destroyed when prospectors muscled in on their traditional fishing and hunting grounds and infected them with diseases to which they had no resistance.

Gray is a consummate storyteller. This ability, combined with her exhaustive research, makes *Gold Diggers* a must-read for Klondike enthusiasts.

Reviewed by **Joyce Glasner**, a Halifax-based freelance writer and author.





HOME FRONTS

Winnipeg's Great War: A City Comes of Age
by Jim Blanchard
University of Manitoba Press, Winnipeg, 2010
296 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

Occupied St John's: A Social History of a City at War, 1939–1945
edited by Steven High
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2010
336 pp., illus., $49.95 hardcover

Canada was forever changed by the world wars. More than 1.7 million Canadians served and over 100,000 were killed. Income tax, enfranchisement for women, veteran's medical care, and increased government intervention into the lives of Canadians were just some of the long-lasting effects of the wars.

During the course of the Great War Canada moved from colony to nation, and after the Second World War the country emerged as a respected middle power. But this focus is at the national level. Historians and writers also highlight individuals, trying to find poignant stories and experiences to explain the wars' impact on ordinary Canadians. The space between the two levels of analysis — regarding communities — is under-represented by historians. Two recent books go a long way toward illustrating how communities engaged with the world wars, and how those wars in turn imprinted themselves on Winnipeg and St. John's.

Jim Blanchard's *Winnipeg's Great War* examines how Winnipeg's 160,000 people faced the war from 1914 to 1918. An award-winning author of a previous book on Winnipeg and a librarian at the University of Manitoba, he knows where many of the city's skeletons are buried. Blanchard writes in an engaging style as he explores why Winnipeggers enlisted and went overseas, and how those at home coped with their absence.

The feisty Nellie McClung features prominently in her fight for enfranchisement, but also for her moral dilemma of being against war but having a son serving overseas. The role of women on the home front carrying out unpaid labour — such as selling patriotic sheet music or knitting socks for overseas soldiers — offers insight into how the war could not be avoided, even for Canadians far from the firing line.

The grief experienced by hundreds of families features prominently. When the first mass casualties were reported in the press after the April 1915 Second Battle of Ypres, one newspaper observed grimly that "the war had struck home."

Blanchard has read much of the literature on the Great War and has combed through many newspaper sources, but unfortunately he does not appear to have delved deeply into the City of Winnipeg Archives. Nonetheless, this is a strong offering that shows how tens of thousands were deeply affected by the war.

However, his story ends rather abruptly at the end of the war, and would surely have been strengthened by examining the Winnipeg General Strike, which saw veterans pitted against veterans, or by looking at how the thousands of veterans reintegrated into Winnipeg life.

While Winnipeg saw thousands of its young men leave for the front during World War I, in the Second World War St. John's, Newfoundland, was inundated with sailors, airmen, and soldiers from Canada, Britain, and the United States. *Occupied St. John's* offers a view into a strategically placed city that became one of the most important Allied bases of World War II.

Newfyjohn, as most sailors called St. John's, consisted of about forty thousand souls in 1939, but within a few years there were about thirteen thousand additional Allied service personnel in the city at any given time. Critical convoys of food and munitions left almost daily from the protected harbour, escorted by warships and planes.

The influx of service personnel into the capital radically changed St. John's and its surrounding region. New pubs, theatres, dance halls, and housing had to be built to accommodate the tastes of young men. Soldiers with strange accents tore up the roads in their military vehicles and over two hundred properties were requisitioned to make room for new buildings, airfields, and bases. St. John's was never the same after the "occupying" forces.

Editor Stephen High, the Canada Research Chair in Public History at Concordia University, has assembled a number of leading historians to explore aspects of the city's wartime experience. The encounters between service personnel and St. John's residents are revealing, as are the studies of patriotic work, wartime culture, and children.

The case studies are supported by the official records and by more than fifty interviews with Newfoundlanders who lived through the period. Occasionally, academic jargon creeps into the text — such as calling the higher rate of accidents for children a new "geography of danger" — but generally the prose is clear, penetrating, and infused with powerful stories.

McGill-Queen's University Press must be praised for scouring archives and private sources to put together a stunningly attractive book. It is illustrated with more than one hundred images, many published for the first time, and the best of these offer a powerful glimpse into the lives of Newfoundlanders and their occupiers.

Occupied St. John's and *Winnipeg's Great War* offer new perspectives into how the world wars were understood and experienced locally. These books also reveal how the world wars continue to have a presence in Canadian cities.

Reviewed by **Tim Cook**, the author of five books, including *The Madman and the Butcher: The Sensational Wars of Sam Hughes and General Arthur Currie* (Allen Lane, 2010).

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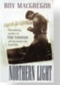

Northern Light: The Enduring Mystery of Tom Thomson and the Woman Who Loved Him
by Roy MacGregor
Random House, Toronto, 2010
416 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

Much has been written about the artist Tom Thomson, yet most of it leaves the feeling that something is missing. In *Northern Light*, Roy MacGregor paints a fuller picture of the man, ranging from Thomson's idyllic childhood — growing up in a well-to-do family in rural Ontario — to his blossoming as an outdoorsman and full-time artist.

Readers learn of Thomson's friends, some of whom formed the Group of Seven, and his romantic interests — particularly Winnie Trainor, a distant relative of the author. Trainor is described as the woman who loved Thomson, and she may have carried his child.

The book includes a list of personalities that highlights the key players in Thomson's life, as well as maps that show the towns and lakes he frequented and the spot where his body was found. His death at the age of thirty-nine was noted as an accidental drowning, but there has been speculation that it was a murder. Adding to the mystery is uncertainty regarding the final location of his remains.

MacGregor examines Thomson's life and death via research, interviews, and forensic science, successfully resolving some of the mysteries. However, with more than ninety years having passed since Thomson's death, MacGregor and his readers are left with some questions.

Nonetheless, from its poetic prologue to the last page, *Northern Light* delivers it all: romance, mystery, and a possible murder.

— Beverley Tallon

Forgotten Explorer: Samuel Prescott Fay's 1914 Expedition to the Northern Rockies
by Samuel Fay, edited by Charles Helm and Mike Murtha
Rocky Mountain Books, Surrey, B.C., 2009
342 pp., illus., $29.95 paperback

It may be going a bit far to describe *Forgotten Explorer* as "destined to become a classic of North American exploration history," as the cover blurb predicts. But it is safe to say it will appeal to those who love mountain wilderness.

At the heart of this book is Samuel Prescott Fay's detailed journal of a four-month expedition through untracked, unexplored territory in the northern Rockies in 1914.

Fay and his party set off with twenty-one horses, travelling hard along the spine of the mountains north of Jasper, Alberta. He named previously unnamed geographical features and collected plant and animal specimens along the way on behalf of the U.S. Biological Survey.

Fay's daily journal entries are lively and

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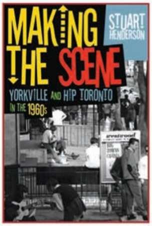

MAKING THE SCENE
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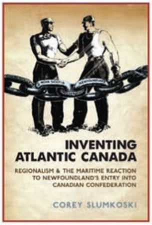

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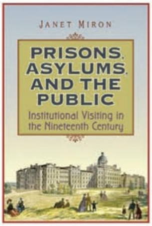

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'Miron provides eye-opening insights as to why people wanted to visit prisons, how officials promoted asylum tourism to the general public, and how inmates themselves viewed these practices… A well-researched and valuable cultural history.'

Akihito Suzuki, *Keio University*

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descriptive — imaginative readers will feel they too are on the trail, battling mosquitoes, delighting in the chorus of birdsong, marvelling at the majesty of mountain sunsets, and feasting on berries, bannock, and fresh game.

Illustrated with plenty of photographs and maps, this book is perfect for outdoor adventurers who hope some day to hike this part of the Rockies, as well as for those who are content to enjoy the adventure vicariously. It's reassuring to know that much of the territory Fay explored remains as wild as it was in 1914.

— Nelle Oosterom

The Golden Dream: A History of the St. Lawrence Seaway
by Ronald Stagg
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2010
256 pp., illus., $35 hardcover

The St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project: An Oral History of the Greatest Construction Show on Earth
by Claire Puccia Parham
Syracuse University Press,
Syracuse, N.Y., 2009
328 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

With the fiftieth anniversary in 2009 of the completion of the St. Lawrence Seaway, it is no surprise that several books were published to commemorate the achievement. Two noteworthy additions to the literature on the subject are Canadian historian Ronald Stagg's *The Golden Dream* and American historian Claire Puccia Parham's *The St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project*.

Stagg provides a comprehensive look at the full four-hundred-year history of the canal systems built to develop an inland waterway linking the St. Lawrence River to the Great Lakes. He divides his book into four time periods: canals built prior to 1848; later canals built up to 1932; the early twentieth-century negotiations for the construction of the 1950s seaway project; and the construction era itself.

It's a solid political history account, emphasizing trade and commerce, defence, and nation building as key drivers behind the seaway's construction and growth. However, Stagg concludes that for many communities along the route the golden dream of enhanced economic prosperity remains elusive.

Parham focuses exclusively on the 1954–1959 construction project, recounting "the greatest construction show on earth" through the oral histories of the men who worked on the seaway and their families. Hers is a more personal account of the daily challenges of technology, weather, and politics, as she weaves together the recollections of the more than fifty people she interviewed.

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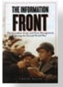
Where Stagg offers insight into the motivations and machinations behind the project, Parham's account provides a richer understanding of the cultural and social impact of the project on workers and on seaway communities.

Another recent book on this topic that merits mention is journalist Jeff Alexander's *Pandora's Locks: The Opening of the Great Lakes–St. Lawrence Seaway*, which concentrates on environmental effects.

— Deborah Morrison



The Information Front: The Canadian Army and News Management during the Second World War
by Timothy Balzer
UBC Press, Vancouver, 2011
271 pp., illus, $32.95 paperback

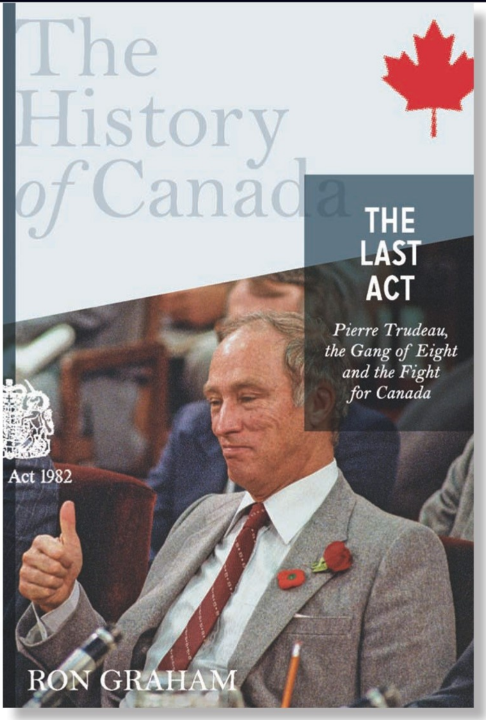
Everyone has heard the saying "loose lips sink ships." In war, a slip of the tongue can lead to disaster, especially if one is inadvertently leaking secret information such as tactics or troop numbers and movements.

In *The Information Front*, Timothy Balzer explores the efforts of the Canadian military to control the media during the Second World War. When things went well, army officials pushed to ensure that troops received full credit. When things went badly, like they did during the disastrous Dieppe raid of 1942, the spin doctors went to work, diffusing the blame and massaging the narrative to transform a bloody defeat into a noble and necessary sacrifice that offered crucial lessons for future military successes.

Balzer has taught at the University of Victoria and the Royal Military College of Canada, and he writes with an academic tone. The book includes almost forty pages of appendices and notes, and the final chapter is titled "Conclusion."

If you're looking for a rousing popular history-style tale of Canada's journalists and the military men who sought to tame them, this isn't it. But *The Information Front* does provide crucial insight into the war over words that was waged behind the scenes during World War II.

— Mark Reid



Shaping Canada's Future

In November 1981, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau held two days of often fractious meetings with provincial premiers. They were attempting to overcome a range of differences and find new grounds for agreement on changes to Canada's Constitution.

Renewing the Constitution had been a subject of intense debate for decades, and Trudeau was determined to see it resolved during his tenure. But in order to gain the consent of all first ministers, he would have to win over separatist Quebec Premier René Lévesque, satisfy the growing ambitions of western provinces, and reconcile provincial demands for greater powers with his own vision of the country's future.

In The Last Act: The Gang of Eight and the Fight for Canada, *award-winning author and journalist Ron Graham goes behind the scenes of the most important political conference since Confederation. He describes the struggles between powerful personalities and details the secret negotiations that culminated in the so-called "night of the long knives."*

The Players

by Ron Graham

The Centennial Room on the fifth floor of the Government Conference Centre in Ottawa could have been a set for *Twelve Angry Men*. The wood-panelled former courtroom atop the beaux arts extravaganza that was once the capital's grand railway station had been redecorated during a particularly unfortunate period of modern interior design when government-issue Scandinavian met garish seventies.

Heavy dark-orange drapes were drawn across the four tall windows, a ring of spotlights beamed from the twenty-foot ceiling, and eleven flags hung limply on ceremonial poles at the back of the room. No art or photographs adorned the walls, just large squares of white stucco in frames of beige so bland it hardly qualified as a distinct colour. The leading men strolled into the room, as though onto a stage, and took their places around the table, which was in fact a dozen sectional desks assembled to form a jagged horseshoe.

The room smelled of the disinfectant and polish used by the overnight cleaning staff, the freshly photocopied documents set at each place beside silver trays of water jugs and glasses, cups of steaming coffee, and the first cigarettes of the day. The prime minister of Canada, nine of the ten provincial premiers, and a dozen of their ministers, all bobbing and swivelling on their burgundy bucket chairs, were like jury members who had been forced together far too long. The air was charged with testosterone, adrenaline, not enough sleep, and a growing impatience to be done. Just one more day, everybody was saying, and then, one way or another, it will be over.

To encourage frank, confidential discussion, only the political actors and their most senior advisers were allowed to enter the inner sanctum. While close to one thousand officials, journalists, and staff were cooling their heels in the colossal Main Hall down on the first floor or in the delegation offices scattered throughout the building, left to starve for a morsel of rumour or news, a few dozen observers sat in a back row of upholstered frame chairs, chattering among themselves with the anticipatory murmur of an audi-

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ence excited to have snagged a premium seat at the hottest show in town.

They had been watching this real-life, high-stakes play unfold in public and behind closed doors for two days now. Many had been spectators and participants for more than a decade. They hushed the moment Pierre Trudeau brought the meeting to order, shortly before 10:00 a.m., on Wednesday, November 4, 1981.

Though each of the first ministers was a face on television, a name in the news, somebody to be reckoned with back home, Trudeau was unquestionably the superstar. A legend from coast to coast, even among those who loathed him. A celebrity abroad, if only because his wife's adulteries were the stuff of gossip magazines around the world. What he looked like, what he said, the red rose and Remembrance Day poppy he wore on the lapel of his elegant raw-silk jacket were noted by even the most jaded official, a tidbit on which to dine that weekend with family and friends, charisma by association.

He was also the most intriguing man at the table — multifaceted, contradictory, unpredictable, inscrutable, perfectly bilingual, and widely travelled. Alternately charming and withdrawn, passionate and icy, scholarly and athletic, magnanimous and petty, combining the rigid discipline of a Catholic intellectual with the sybaritic immaturity of a Don Juan.

There was always a bit of the ham in Pierre Trudeau. He had written and acted in plays as a young man, mounted elaborate pranks to shock the bourgeois, studied elocution and dance to refine his public style, and honed the classical arts of rhetoric and argumentation. To the end of his life, he loved reciting long passages of poetry, not least the famous Alexandrine soliloquies of Rostand's proud, belligerent, and eloquent hero, Cyrano de Bergerac. When invited by his television biographers to watch footage of himself as a neophyte politician, he said he saw a person who "was no longer me" but "somebody else, that I was acting, with my own lines."

Indeed, much of his success as a politician came from his skills as a performer. He spent hours memorizing important speeches to make them appear improvised, presenting them without any notes or a moment's hesitation. He delivered the best of them with dramatic pacing, oratorical tricks, and the talent of a professional thespian. He played to the cameras with a perfectly executed high dive into a swimming pool or a mischievous pirouette behind the back of the Queen. Though that pixie-like twirl wasn't premeditated, as some accounts had it, Trudeau intuitively anticipated the reaction, just as he understood the effect of wearing a flowing black cape to a football game or keeping his cool in the midst of an angry, bottle-throwing mob of demonstrators.

Trudeau's self-conscious theatricality made him a formidable negotiator, though not a great conciliator. Often passive and indecipherable, as though awaiting his cue, he would suddenly explode in a fit of pique or break the tension with a witty remark. At times, when he dismissed a proposal out of hand or floated a trial balloon, even his own advisers weren't sure whether he was faking or following the detailed script included in his thick briefing book.

The result was to keep everyone else off balance, on guard, while he maintained his aura of control and command right to the final curtain. Did he want the conference to succeed or fail? Was he ready to make a deal, and if so, on what terms? Or was he, in his dark and devious mind, preparing to precipitate a constitutional crisis the likes of which had never been seen in Canada? Nobody knew for sure.

Trudeau's mystery and charisma were enough to command attention that dull, chilly Wednesday morning. But of more relevance was his power. Few democratically elected heads of government anywhere have as much concentrated power as a prime minister with a parliamentary majority. As long as the Cabinet, the caucus, the courts, and the treasury are onside, there's little to keep a determined prime minister from getting what he wants — at least until the public gets what it wants at the next election.

Pierre Trudeau had been drawn into public life by mighty principles and the desire to do great things. Lesser politicians could content themselves with the housekeeping chores of government and the vanities of office; he had bigger fish to fry.

From *The Last Act: The Gang of Eight and the Fight for Canada* by **Ron Graham**. Copyright Ron Graham, 2011. Reprinted with permission of Allen Lane Canada.

CHRISTOPHER MOORE

Come together

Why Canadians don't want to think about coalition governments.

In 2008, then Liberal Leader Stéphane Dion hoped to replace the Harper government with a Liberal-NDP coalition.

CANADIAN PRESS

In John A. Macdonald's day, Canadians had no fear of coalition governments. Before the first federal election in the summer of 1867, Macdonald persuaded several of the Reform politicians who had been key to the building of Confederation to stay within his big tent. Macdonald gleefully declared his Liberal-Conservative partnership was more plausible as a government than the remaining reformers — they were just a disgruntled rump, he liked to suggest. The voters agreed.

Across the world, such coalition-making is a natural part of parliamentary democracy. Whenever several parties emerge to represent the diverse interests that exist in most modern electorates, they divide up popular support. Then they have to make parliament work in a situation where no party dominates. Their solution? Formal or informal, temporary or long-standing, it's often a coalition. From Westminster to Wellington and New Delhi to Berlin, coalition politics is where voters expect their representatives truly to demonstrate the skill and judgment that justifies them a place in parliament.

Stephen Harper surely knew he was talking nonsense when he insisted that only the party that "won" the election could form a government. Commentators easily exposed his distortion of parliamentary norms. But he was in touch with something important about Canada, for his bold claim spoke to a deep-rooted Canadian idea about how politics should work. In December 2008, when Stéphane Dion's Liberals and Jack Layton's New Democrats proposed to replace his government with one of their own, polls suggested that dismay was widespread among voters. "Form a government without us voting on it?" many Canadians responded. "That can't be right."

The world gapes at our lack of parliamentary sophistication. But Canada's parliamentary system is one of the oldest in the world, and coalition politics used to be a familiar part of it. Why do Canadians alone in the parliamentary world now expect that the square pegs of minority parties can be jammed into the round holes of majority government? To put us so starkly at odds with the parliamentary traditions of the whole world, let alone our own origins, something must have changed in Canadian political history.

Well, one thing has, and it changed quite a long time ago. In 1919, William Lyon Mackenzie King became leader of the Liberal Party, not by the support of elected Liberal MPs, but by the vote of party members gathered in a convention centre. That kind of leadership selection process had never been tried in any parliamentary system before, but the other Canadian political parties soon followed suit. Ever since, Canada has been virtually the only country in the world where parliamentary party leaders are selected by whoever buys a vote in a private, outside-of-parliament popularity contest — and are not accountable to the elected parliamentarians they lead.

With his Gollum-like cunning, Mackenzie King at once grasped the magical power he had been granted. Clutching his precious leadership, he had suddenly become immune to his MPs. He told the people's elected representatives he was no longer accountable to them; they had to do what he told them. Harper's often-deplored practice of treating backbenchers and cabinet ministers as gofers and water boys is just the blossoming of the seed Mackenzie King planted. Under Canada's new idea of party leadership, MPs became nobodies long before Pierre Trudeau was mean enough to say so.

What has this to do with coalitions? Well, everything. In real parliamentary systems, leadership tends to be diffused. There are usually several influential leaders in any parliamentary party. They head regional or ideological factions that jockey and negotiate for influence in and out of the legislature — and sometimes bounce a leader, even an incumbent prime minister, right out of office, as happened in Australia last summer. In that context, it is not so hard to consider coalition partnerships — they are just another faction in the endless bargaining process that defines vigorous political parties representing the diversity of their supporters in parliament. Coalitions can work when parliaments work, when parliaments are a genuine forum in which ideas and policies — and leaders — are tried and tested.

In Canada's legislatures, leaders stand alone. They can tolerate no dissident voices within the caucus, no views and ambitions jockeying for influence, no fresh ideas bubbling up inside. A Canadian political party today is little more than a leader flanked by a bagman, a spin doctor, and a poll-taker; everyone else is just saying aye and pounding signs. And party leaders have little but their leadership. Rein that in, expect a little give-and-take, and they look weak. They risk becoming nobodies like everyone else. Coalitions, of course, are by definition a sharing of leadership, a limitation on one leader's power. No wonder our party leaders dread them: Who knows where that might lead?

The public's doubts, too, are grounded in a hard-eyed view of Parliament. As long as our parties are so blindly leader-driven, there are simply too few strong voices there for our legislatures to be serious forums for negotiation. And if Parliament will not decide, then elections may not offer much — but to many Canadians they seem like all we have. No wonder we resist delegating the power to make and unmake governments to MPs who have refused such responsibility for ninety years.

Effective coalitions are the product of effective parliaments. Canadians are likely to suspect the one until we experience the other. Backbenchers reasserting their authority might take us in that direction, but don't look to the party leaders. Power corrupts, as they say, and absolute power is even better.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

In the next issue of Canada's History

Women in Red Serge

Canada's first female Mounties had a tough time fitting in — but you won't find those stories in the RCMP's official histories.
BY BONNIE REILLY SCHMIDT.

Diving Deep

Advances in technology bring Parks Canada's Underwater Archaeology Service closer to solving some centuries-old mysteries.
BY DOUGLAS HUNTER.

The Fighting Parson

Reverend Leslie Spracklin held a Bible in one hand and a pistol in the other — he stopped at nothing to enforce Prohibition.
BY MARK BOURRIE.

Shades of grey

Yvonne Raymond finds the closure of a paper mill has changed the face of her hometown.

The mill at Pine Falls, Manitoba, circa 1930.

TOWN OF POWERVIEW-PINE FALLS

I grew up in the 1990s across the street from a paper mill whose billowing smokestack painted the top layer of snow a dull grey. Frustrated with the imperfection of grey snow, I would run my mittens along the top layer to push away the dirt and reveal the beauty of the sparkling snow crystals underneath. Then I would sit back and pretend that my little spot of pristine white extended across the entire front yard.

Today, I no longer have to pretend. Grey snow is no longer an issue in my former hometown of Powerview-Pine Falls, Manitoba, thanks to the closure of the Tembec newsprint mill in 2009. The closure may have cleaned up the landscape a little, but it has devastated the community of just over one thousand people, located 130 kilometres northeast of Winnipeg.

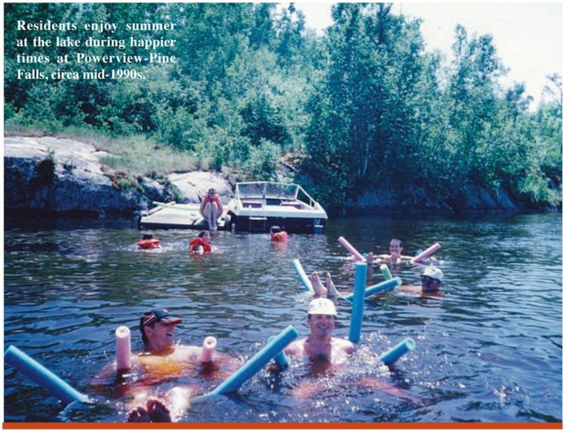
I visited during Christmas of 2009 — almost four months after mill workers had been locked out during a contract dispute. It had been a year since I had last gone to see my family, and I hadn't anticipated feeling so saddened as I approached the town. I knew that the locked-out employees were struggling to fund Christmas for their families. But I didn't realize people were leaving town. At least a dozen homes were up for sale. The owners of one well-known shop didn't even bother putting up a for sale sign — they just boarded up the property and left for another nearby town.

I felt I had been neglecting my hometown by not realizing the scope of the situation. Feeling compelled to do something, I made Powerview-Pine Falls the focus of a research project. As a second-year student in Red River College's creative communications program, I was required to execute a large-scale assignment. Mine evolved into a book about the effects the mill closure has had on the community.

The story of Powerview-Pine Falls is a familiar one in Canada. It's a story of towns growing up around resource industries, of boom and bust cycles, and of the eventual collapse of what gave the community its start. It happened in Elliot Lake, Ontario, when the uranium mines closed in the 1990s; it happened in Nordegg, Alberta, in 1955 when the coal mine shut down; and, going back even further, it happened to the gold rush town of Dawson City in the late nineteenth century.

Sometimes towns refashion themselves into retirement havens – like Elliot Lake – or tourist meccas – like Dawson City. Sometimes they fade into ghost towns – like Nordegg. The future of Powerview-Pine Falls remains up in the air.

The community got its start in 1921, when railroad builder John D. McArthur secured rights to pulpwood in the area and purchased land along the Winnipeg River at Pine Falls. This would eventually become the site of the Manitoba Pulp and Paper Company. The company, which soon became a subsidiary of Quebec-based Abitibi Power and Paper Company, invested $9 million to build a company town for four thousand people and the pulp mill complex.



Residents enjoy summer at the lake during happier times at Powerview-Pine Falls, circa mid-1990s.

YVONNE RAYMOND

The mill closure has made a huge difference to community life. I remember going boating almost every day during the summer, and, it seemed, so did everyone else.

The mill's construction was the catalyst that brought settlers to the area. During its construction, 1,800 men worked on the mill — more than the town's population now. By 1929, the company was producing 258 tonnes of paper a day. Barges were used to ship paper directly to the *Winnipeg Free Press* via Lake Winnipeg and the Red River.

But then came the Great Depression. The mill closed in 1932. Even so, Abitibi helped some men in the community get temporary jobs at other mills, and lowered the rent on company-owned homes to keep people from moving away. Production gradually came back, and by the Second World War the town was once again booming.

Its future was more or less secure until 1994, when Abitibi decided the mill was no longer economically feasible. A group of employees and outside investors purchased it and kept it going until Quebec-based Tembec took it over in 1998. Meanwhile, Pine Falls — no longer a company-owned town — merged with the neighbouring village of Powerview to help defray the costs of municipal services.

In September 2009, Tembec locked out its employees during contract negotiations. By December 2009, the mill was up for sale. A purchase bid by local interests failed, and in September 2010 Tembec announced it was closing up permanently.

The mill closure has made a huge difference to community life. I remember going boating almost every day during the summer, and, it seemed, so did everyone else. We'd all pack food, fuel up at the gas station, head out to the boat launch, and cruise up to Bear River.

Upon arrival, each boat would be tied up to another, and it would be one great big party on the water. Docks were set up wherever there were rocks to tie them to, and those without boats would station themselves on them. Music wafted across the water and kids screamed happily as they jumped into the river, while the adults conversed all through the afternoon and evening.

But when I took a drive to the boat launch in August 2010, I found no one there — even though the temperature was 30 degrees.

Before Tembec bought the mill in 1998, my aunt and uncle, Mike and JoAnne Raymond, operators of the Papertown Motor Inn, were advised to expand their hotel because the area was expected to boom. They added twenty hotel rooms, a pool, and a waterslide.

"Now here we are with a closed mill and families that have had to leave — even at our business," said JoAnne. "That's a big blow."

Job losses have been gradual. A hundred employees were laid off in 2001 shortly after Tembec installed a new thermal mechanical pulp plant. Between 2001 and 2009, another hundred jobs were eliminated. The final closure saw about 250 workers let go.

"The worst part is the young families with mortgages and kids. It takes a lot more money," said Jacques Dupont, one of the mill employees who lost his job. He had worked there for thirty-one years and is close to retirement. "I'm luckier because my three sons are all grown up. I wouldn't want to be in young families' shoes."

While the community may be lacking job opportunities, not everyone plans to leave. In fact, everyone I interviewed said they planned to stay. Most agreed that small-town life on the Canadian Shield is comfortable — even if it means commuting lengthy distances for work.

Could anything have prepared people for this situation? Should they have been prepared? And, ultimately, what is going to happen? I'm telling these stories for the people of Powerview-Pine Falls as a way forward, and for those who do not realize that the devastation spiralling from the closure of the mill comes in many forms — in the loss of jobs, yes, but also, in the loss of hope and, possibly, the death of my community.

Yvonne Raymond is expected to graduate in June 2011 with a B.A. in Communications from the University of Winnipeg and a diploma from Red River College's creative communications program. *Lockout: Exploring the history and uncertain future of Powerview-Pine Falls, Manitoba* is her first book.

Magdalen Magic

Cherie Thiessen enjoys the maritime charm of isolated Quebec islands.

The Magdalen Islands offer spectacular coastal views.

G.THÉRIAULT / TOURISME ÎLES DE LA MADELEINE

Quebec's Magdalen Islands, curled in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, have fascinated me ever since I learned of the Acadians in high school history. More commonly called Les Îles de la Madeleine by the francophone majority, the islands are ninety-five kilometres from Cape Breton Island and 105 kilometres from Prince Edward Island.

Like many Canadians, in March 2008 I heard about a tragic accident that had killed four Madelinot seal hunters. Their funeral service was televised, and I watched as mourners filed into Saint-Pierre de La Vernière, the island's enormous wooden church. As we watched, my partner and I were suddenly compelled to visit this windswept and historic part of Quebec.

Allons-y! We flew to Montreal in late spring, and took the passenger/car ferry the *Vacancier* to Les Îles. Once there, our rental car and our explorations awaited us.

The church was first on our list. Located on the main island of Cap aux Meules, it's just a few kilometres west along the main road toward the Étang du Nord area. In only minutes we caught site of the massive white edifice with its forty-five-metre-tall steeple. Built in 1876 in Gothic revival style by P.E.I. architect Émile Gallant, the church literally towers over the community. Its height has almost been its downfall — the steeple was damaged by lightning in 1900, 1945, 1947, and 1980. Listed in 1992 as a Quebec historical monument, it's the islands' only heritage building and is revered by many of the 13,000 residents. It was built with construction timber from the hold of a wrecked ship.

Saint-Pierre has the distinction of being the second-largest wooden church in North America. As I stand in the nearby graveyard, peering up at the church, I feel overwhelmed with the devotion of the generations who lived and died there.

Next we start our drive south. The narrow road becomes less travelled as we roll across the skinny sandbar that separates Cap aux Meules from Havre Aubert. It's a windswept road with a ribbon of sandy wave-bashed beach on the left, and on the right a wide lagoon only separated from the Gulf by another narrow sandbar. We're headed to the historical site of La Grave, where Acadians expelled from the region by the English in the mid-eighteenth century, came to settle and work for Richard Gridley, an Anglo-American entrepreneur who set up the first fishing post there in the early 1760s.

Perched on a sliver of sand, the community is lined with traditional homes, many turned into gift shops, restaurants, or arts and crafts studios. Their architecture reflects the French origins of many of the Madelinots: cedar shingles and bright colours, with enclosed porches and hip roofs. The community was designated a historic site in 1983 by the government of Quebec. As we enter Café de La Grave — a favourite haunt for locals for more than thirty years — it feels as if time stopped a century ago. A well-used old piano lounges in the corner waiting to be played. Two couples sit nearby, drinking beer and playing chess; the wooden tables and chairs could have come from my grandmother's home. A young woman picks up an accordion and begins to sing, while others join in, and a young waiter teases me about my West Coast French.

Our senses sated, we brave the strong wind and walk past several old buildings to the Museé de la Mer at the end of the street. I point to an odd object. It's a large wooden barrel sprouting a sail and anchored on the museum grounds.

It turns out it's a *ponchon* — and we discover its significance once inside. A *ponchon* is a wooden barrel traditionally used to hold molasses. This particular *ponchon* is related to a local story that begins in 1910. At the time, shipping between the islands and the mainland ceased in winter, leaving the islanders connected to the world through one lone telegraph cable. As the story goes, on January 6, 1910, the cable broke, leaving the island with no way to communicate with the mainland. While several hardy Madelinots volunteered to risk the journey by boat, a wiser resident contrived a safer plan: to place the mail inside a *ponchon* equipped with rudder and sails. With the wind forecast to blow from the northeast for several days, the islanders set the *ponchon* afloat off Havre Aubert, the southernmost island, on February 2.

Noé
MARIE - GAETANE
TA

Fishing is a key industry for island residents.

P. SAHAROFF / TOURISME ÎLES DE LA MADELEINE

Several days later, the barrel nudged up against the shores of Port Hastings, Nova Scotia. Tacked to the barrel was a label that read "Winter Magdalen Mail." Locals in Nova Scotia found the *ponchon*, read the contents, and alerted authorities, who within days dispatched the steamship *Harlow* to bring supplies to the isolated Madelinots. Since that time, Le Ponchon has become a cultural symbol representing the islanders' hardiness and ingenuity.

We decide to retrace our tracks to Cap aux Meules and then carry on north to Grosse Île. It's a beautiful journey along a sandbar so skinny we can see both sides of the Gulf. This stretch is less travelled, with few buildings. As we roll along, our day is made when we spy a snowy owl atop a stunted tree. It's seventy-five kilometres to the English-speaking community of Old Harry and its tiny museum, housed in what was originally a little red schoolhouse.

Once there, we're greeted by Wynn Currie. Like so many islanders, she was born here, as were her ancestors, and she's written a book on the historical heritage of English communities on the Magdalens.

"Many of our ancestors are Scottish survivors of shipwrecks," she says. Currie tells us about one particularly tragic wreck involving ship called *The Miracle*. On May 19, 1847, it went aground at East Point. Locals rescued many of the passengers, "but unfortunately there was typhoid fever on board and a local woman, Mary Clark, lost her life while nursing the victims."

Saint-Pierre de La Vernière church is a major draw for tourists.

M. BONATO / TOURISME ÎLES DE LA MADELEINE

Currie says she attended the old schoolhouse here, built in 1922 to accommodate approximately twenty students up to Grade 9. It closed in 1975, and ten years later, under the auspices of the Council for Anglophone Magdalen Islanders, it became a museum chronicling the history of the English-speaking population. Anglophones make up only five percent of the islands' population, and most live in this area, or at Grande Entrée. The latter is accessible only by a small ferry or private boat across frequently rough waters.

A weekend really isn't long enough to uncover the magic and history of these islands, but that was fine with us. We still had a French-immersion program to look forward to. And by the way, if your French is rusty or non-existent, don't despair — most islanders speak English.

Cherie Thiessen writes travel articles and book reviews from her Southern Gulf Island home. Reluctant to retire from her career as a writing instructor, she now feels she has found the ideal part-time job in her "golden years." Visit her website at cthiessen.com.

KEN MCGOOGAN

Games of Chance

What Canada's History columnist wishes he had invested in the most successful Canadian board game?

Who invaded Spain in the eighth century? What was the first name of the television detective Columbo? Which of these questions inspired a $300-million lawsuit? Welcome to the world of Trivial Pursuit, a Canadian board game — and an international phenomenon — that will mark its thirtieth anniversary in November.

Here's another question: Which columnist for *Canada's History* magazine rejected an opportunity to invest in that game? Early in 1980, two Montreal journalists were beating the bushes for forty people to invest one thousand dollars each in a game they had invented. Word of the search reached the *Calgary Herald*, where a dozen journalists had recently found work following the demise of the *Montreal Star*. I was one of those journalists. And I was invited to invest.

On December 15, 1979, Chris Haney, a photo editor at the *Montreal Gazette*, and Scott Abbott, a Canadian Press sports editor, had dreamed up a trivia game over a round of beers. Players had to answer questions in different categories and then move pieces around a circular board with six spokes leading to the centre.

Did I want to kick in $1,000 for five shares? Seize the moment? I responded: What, are you kidding me? Put my hard-earned cash into an untested board game? Did I look like I was born yesterday?

Haney and Abbot found thirty-two investors. They raised $40,000. And on November 10, 1981, they trademarked Trivial Pursuit. Later that month, their company Horn Abbott sold 1,100 copies to retailers. The game featured six thousand trivia questions on one thousand cards divided into six categories. Initially, sales were slow. Horn Abbott lost money. The two principals sought backers at trade shows in Canada and the U.S. They found none.

Co-creators Chris Haney (left) and Scott Abbott play Trivial Pursuit.

CANADIAN PRESS

But then, even in that long-ago, pre-Internet era, informal networks began to work magic. In 1983, Horn Abbot licensed the game to Selchow and Righter, a major U.S. game maker. That outfit brought thousands of board gamers out of the woodwork — then tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands. In 1984, consumers in North America bought twenty million copies of Trivial Pursuit.

High-profile money often attracts lawsuits. October of 1984 brought the first of two big suits. Fred L. Worth, an American author of trivia encyclopedias, launched a $300-million suit claiming that more than one quarter of the questions in the original Genus edition of Trivial Pursuit had been plagiarized from his books.

Worth cited typos and, most notably, one bit of misinformation he had deliberately planted. The game copied one of his books in stating that Colombo's first name was Philip, when in truth, judging from a badge that appears in an episode called "Dead Weight," it was Frank.

Haney and Abbott admitted using Worth's books, among others. But as ex-journalists, they knew that simple facts are not protected by copyright. Only the expression of those facts is protected. They won the original case, won again in appeals court, and won conclusively in 1988 in the U.S. Supreme Court.

Meanwhile, during the two years ending in 1985, their Wisconsin manufacturers, Northern Plastics, had churned out thirty million copies of Trivial Pursuit. In 1988, Horn Abbott leased rights to the game to the giant Parker Brothers.

By 1992, Trivial Pursuit had become a pop-culture fixture available in various editions — for example, "Baby Boomer," "Celebrity," "Lord of the Rings." That year, the game fuelled an episode of *Seinfeld*, when George Costanza got into a fight with "Bubble Boy." Reading from a card, George asked who invaded Spain in the eighth century. Bubble Boy answered correctly, "The Moors." But George insisted on the correctness of a typo on the card — "The Moops" — and the two came to blows.

In 1993, Trivial Pursuit — which *Time* magazine had declared "the biggest phenomenon in game history" —was named to the Games Hall of Fame by *Games* magazine. That year, too, a version turned up on the Family Channel in the American syndicated show, *Trivial Pursuit: America Plays* would air for a year starting in 2008. Other variations would later turn up on television in Britain, Germany, and Spain.

In 1994, Haney and Abbott faced a second major lawsuit. David Wall of Cape Breton claimed that in the fall of 1979 he and a friend were hitchhiking in Nova Scotia when Chris Haney picked them up. Wall said he told Haney he had an idea for a board game — the game that later took shape as Trivial Pursuit.

Wall's mother testified that she had seen designs, which had since been destroyed. Haney denied ever meeting Wall. He produced four dozen witnesses, while the hitchhiker's friend never took the stand. In June 2007, after much legal wrangling, the Nova Scotia Supreme Court ruled against Wall.

The following year, Hasbro bought the rights to Trivial Pursuit for $80 million. By then, almost a hundred million copies of the game had been sold in twenty-six countries and seventeen languages. And people could log in, as they can today, to play online.

By that time, Haney was spending his summers in Spain, sailing across the Atlantic in cruise ships because he feared flying. He also struggled with heart-and-kidney disease, and in June 2010 he passed away, leaving a wife, an ex-wife, and three grown children. Meanwhile, Scott Abbott, the former sports editor, built a hockey team, the Brampton Battalion, and a racing stable on the outskirts of Toronto. In 2010, one of his horses, Smart Sky, placed seventh in the Queen's Plate.

Total sales of Trivial Pursuit have exceeded $1 billion. Of the thirty-two people who invested small sums in 1980, no record has been kept. Almost certainly, most of them have squandered their windfalls and are living lives of quiet desperation. This leads to my next question: Which Canadian non-fiction writer really, really needs to believe that?

Ken McGoogan, whose latest book is *How the Scots Invented Canada*, is a columnist for *Canada's History* magazine.

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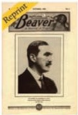

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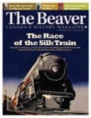

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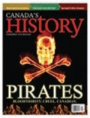

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A year for the history books

Canada's History Society strengthens connections with wider history community via new programs, awards.

Catherine and Carolyn Nakagawa (Great Canadian Questions award recipient), Daniel Conner (Teaching award recipient) and Canada's History Society Board Chair Charlotte Gray at Rideau Hall.

JAMES GILLESPIE

Without a doubt 2010 was a challenging year. Continued economic uncertainty in the first half of the year constrained donors, budgets, and long-term planning. Many Canadian magazines adopted strategies of consolidation, cost reductions, and in some cases stopped printing altogether. Our children's magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids* is a good case in point, changing from a bi-monthly to a quarterly magazine to better align production costs with available revenues.

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Elsewhere within the Society, we seemed to be bucking the trends. Already well along the development track with two key strategic initiatives, we pressed forward with the launch of our new online portal and the expansion of our national awards program. These new developments are broadening our audience reach and redefining our role as a content provider and leader within the history community. But, as everyone knows, it was our flagship magazine that garnered the most attention with our decision to rename it *Canada's History*.

The announcement gave me an opportunity to talk with many readers throughout the year about the name change and the magazine in general. We know this has been an upsetting transition for some of our readers and are grateful for your understanding and continued support. We hope you feel we've delivered on our promise to ensure the same fresh, factual, and engaging content you've always expected of us. Some of you were skeptical about the anticipated outcomes of these changes. Indeed. In a good year, progress in the magazine publishing industry is measured in small increments.

With one full year under the new banner, albeit not our best year on record, we remain confident in our decision. Subscriptions declined by four per cent, slightly better than the industry average of six per cent. Newsstand sales experienced a significant drop, with 1,500 fewer copies sold on average, which we attribute to our efforts to cut costs in our marketing promotions and newsstand draws. More importantly, we are beginning to see improvement in key areas that signal future growth for the magazine, such as first-time readers converting to regular subscribers, increases in overall measured readership, and a lower average reader age.

Another concern from readers was that our focus on the integration of new media might somehow come at the expense of the magazine. In fact, the expansion into new media has been of direct benefit to the magazine — by increasing advertising sales, by finding new subscribers more cost-effectively, and by providing regular readers with value-added content through the website.

MTC
CURTAIN CALL

Red River Heritage Fairs students proudly present their research project on the Royal Manitoba Theatre Centre on May 5, 2010.

JAMES GILLESPIE

Canada's History magazine is now available as a digital edition for the Web, iPad, and Android smartphones. However, our commitment to print media is as strong as ever. Over the next year, we're increas-

Alexander Galt (Patrick McKenna), John A. Macdonald (Shawn Doyle), and Georges-Étienne Cartier (David Lahaye) await news of the government's fate in a scene from *John A:The Birth of a Country*, to be broadcast on CBC in September 2011.

COURTESY CBC

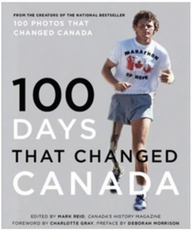
ing the number of pages in every issue of *Canada's History*, as well as developing special editions in both French and English. As publishers of *Kayak*, we're one of only a handful of Canadian publishers that produce magazines for children. Published in both English and French, *Kayak* was for the third year in a row recognized for its editorial excellence by the Canadian Children's Book Centre and the Parent's Choice Foundation. Later this November, we will be launching *100 Days That Changed Canada*, a follow-up to Canada's best-selling history book of 2009, *100 Photos That Changed Canada*.

So what does CanadasHistory.ca do that more pages in the magazine couldn't achieve? It enhances our print publications, allowing subscribers and visitors to explore Canadian history and history-makers in a whole new way. First launched in April 2010, our web portal currently has monthly traffic estimated at 45,000 page views with more than 1,500 registered online members. Roughly half of our online audience is not made up of regular subscribers to the magazine.

Governor General David Johnston with Teaching Award winner Amy Park, right, and her mother, Donna Hamilton, left.

JAMES GILLESPIE

The Department of Canadian Heritage is providing core funding over three years to help build the new site that features dedicated channels for the two magazines, as well as one for history education and research. Here visitors can find out how history really is being taught in schools. It includes award-winning lesson plans from recipients of the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History, as well as podcasts and videos about current academic research, profiles of Canadians in history-related careers, and a listing of Canadian history programs offered at universities across the country.


FROM THE CREATORS OF THE NATIONAL BESTSELLER
100 PHOTOS THAT CHANGED CANADA
MARATHON OF HOPE
100 DAYS THAT CHANGED CANADA
EDITED BY MARK REID, CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE
FOREWORD BY CHARLOTTE GRAY, PREFACE BY DEBORAH MORRISON

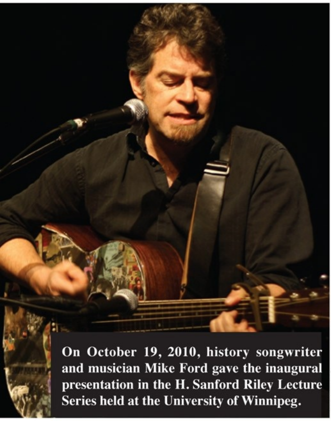
The new site also provides opportunities for users to add to our stories, commenting on what they see, submitting stories and album photos of their own, as well as providing us with continuous feedback.

Over the next year, the Society will concentrate on expanding its content reach to mobile phones, as well as developing its community and travel channels. These channels will be of particular interest to our magazine readers, offering one-stop access to news and information about events and exhibits at hundreds of museums, heritage sites, and cultural institutions. In response to long-time magazine subscribers who have told us they're not Web surfers and want easier access to all this new online content, we've created electronic newsletters. Delivered via email, these e-newsletters conveniently package together feature extensions, online book reviews, and "breaking history news." Nearly five thousand people have already registered to receive them.

Creating opportunities to bring the history community closer together is not something the Society reserves exclusively for the online world.

Fostering more opportunities for historians, authors, filmmakers, students, teachers, and our cultural institutions to connect in real time has been the raison d'être behind the Society's ambitious plan to expand the Governor General's Awards program. With the generous support of TD Bank Financial Group, the Department of Canadian Heritage, Library and Archives Canada, and the Canadian Museum of Civilization, sixteen Canadians were honoured in Ottawa last November, bringing together for the first time Canada's top history award recipients, finalists, and Canada's national historical organizations in a national celebration of our history. Earlier this year, Canada's History Society and the Canadian Museums Association announced the creation of three new awards for excellence in history programming by museums and community organizations to complete the expanded roster of Canada's History Awards.

In addition to the official ceremony at Rideau Hall, a number of events are scheduled throughout the nation's capital, including a day long national history forum where all the recipients and organizational leadership convene to discuss key issues facing the history community. Canada's History Society is pleased to confirm that Enbridge, Inc. will be the presenting sponsor of the 2011 Canada's History Forum titled "Speaking of History: Discovering the Past Outside of the Classroom.” The forum will explore how our history is remembered, reinterpreted, and enriched through family history, oral history, artifacts, and other public means. The presentations will be open to the public, and made available online via CanadasHistory.ca.



On October 19, 2010, history songwriter and musician Mike Ford gave the inaugural presentation in the H. Sanford Riley Lecture Series held at the University of Winnipeg.

JAMES GILLESPIE

History is ultimately about people. Canada’s History is no different.

Canada’s History Society’s mission is to promote greater popular interest in Canadian history. We do this principally through our publishing initiatives and our efforts to recognize the exemplary accomplishments of others in the field. We continue to deliver quality original content inside the pages of *Canada’s History* and across a growing number of other dynamic new media platforms.

In the past year, we’ve partnered with more history organizations than ever before, lending prizing and promotional support, attending conferences, or creating new programs or products. Working with Benchmarks for Historical Thinking and CBC Television, we’ve produced behind-the-scenes footage and created educational materials for the television movie *Sir John A.: The Birth of a Country*, which airs this September. Materials will be featured on our website and available for sale on DVD.

We’re also very proud to contribute to Heritage Fairs, a network of over ninety regional exhibitions held across Canada. Students from Grades 4 to 8 are encouraged to present multi-media projects based on research they’ve conducted within their local museums and historical societies. Together, the Heritage Fairs, *Kayak* magazine, and the Kid’s Illustrated History Challenge provide a suite of programs for children at the elementary and middle school grade level that are sure to spark a lifelong love for Canadian history.

History is ultimately about people. Canada’s History Society is no different. The extraordinary commitment of our volunteer board of directors, and the exceptional staff of the History Society have allowed us to move further and faster in our mission than anyone could have imagined. New partnerships have created new opportunities and broader horizons. But it is readers like you, members of the History Society, whose ongoing feedback and generous contributions fuel our drive and determination. Subscriptions and donations from individual members of the Society accounted for more than half of our annual revenues and we are most grateful to you for that support. Your involvement not only helps us to build a better magazine, but it also contributes to our support for strengthening history both inside and outside of the classroom.

Together we are making history and establishing new communities in a world that is entirely new to us — just like the original Company of Adventurers. It will no doubt continue to be a challenging journey, but one well worth the effort, with tremendous dividends for today’s readers as well as for generations to come.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada’s History.

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Each year Canada's History Society makes an appeal for annual donations to support its current programs. This year's fundraising efforts realized a total of $1,576,767 in charitable contributions from our members, corporations, foundations, and governments. Canada's History extends a special thanks to all of our donors for their generosity. Gifts of $75 or more have been recognized in this honour roll.

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Like the original HBC Company of Adventurers who explored new territory, forged relationships, and established new commercial routes, Canada's History established its own Company of Adventurers in 2010. Through their significant contributions, they permit us to pursue long-term investments in growth and seize on unexpected opportunities.

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Operating room, Montreal General Hospital, 1910.

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Life and death situations

Studying the history of death and dying can breathe new life into family research. by Paul Jones

Just as our ancestors' lives differed from ours, so did their deaths. Case in point: diphtheria, a frightful affliction most of us today, including most doctors, have never seen. In severe cases, a thick grey pseudomembrane constricts a sufferer's throat and obstructs his or her breathing. Toxins course through the victim's blood, stressing the heart and nervous system. Even so, if forced to choose a disease that killed your ancestors, you could do far worse.

Consider tuberculosis — also known as TB, consumption, phthisis, or the white plague. Typically striking those in the prime of life, TB killed more than fifty per cent of untreated active cases — and there were no assured treatments until the development of streptomycin and other antibiotics in the 1940s. Symptoms included extreme pallor, weight loss, and haemoptysis (a nice-sounding way of saying "coughing up blood").

And for women of child-bearing age in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, puerperal (or childbirth) fever was an ever-present fear, especially in lying-in hospitals where iatrogenic cases consistently drove the death rate above twenty per cent. Far better that you stayed home!

If you did become ill, it was a rough ride. The concept of palliative care didn't take root until the late twentieth century. In earlier times, you were lucky if someone slipped you brandy when the priest wasn't looking.

Most of us today will die from heart disease, cancer, Alzheimer's, or other degenerative ailments whose progression is measured in years and even decades, rather than the days or weeks of most infectious diseases. By contrast, relatively few of our ancestors lived long enough to develop such chronic diseases. Ergo, the so-called "cancer epidemic" of the past few decades turns out to be a good news story.

Many physicians didn't really know what was killing our ancestors. They often equated symptoms with causes of death. Examples from my own ancestry include congestion of the liver, inflammation of the lungs, and the ever-popular haemoptysis.

Even today, finding the cause of death is far from certain, with autopsies being performed in less than ten per cent of cases. Studies suggest "circulatory disease" is an expedient catch-all when doubt exists.

Many online resources exist to help the researcher interpret the meaning of obsolete medical words and phrases. I'm fond of "Rudy's List of Archaic Medical Terms" at AntiquusMorbus.com. A fun time guaranteed for all. Who knew, for example, that "hernia humoralis" referred to inflammation of the testicles, or that "beaver fever" (no connection to this magazine's previous title) was the everyday name for a protozoan intestinal infection?

Old school terminology to describe the passing of the elderly is particularly thought-provoking. Death certificates for my ancestors — and no doubt yours, too — include wording such as debility, decay of nature, and old age exhaustion. How much more descriptive and natural than our contemporary practice of ascribing a medical cause to every death, even for centenarians, and, what's worse, treating such "conditions" to the bitter end.

We don't just die of different diseases than our ancestors, we also die in different circumstances. They mostly died young (or at least younger) at home, with little meaningful medical care, a highly visible presence to their families. Notwithstanding the recent uptick in home care, we mostly die in advanced old age, sequestered in hospitals, out of sight but constantly probed, tested, monitored, and medicated.

Death has been isolated from life. Is this a good thing? Have we thrown out granny with the bathwater?

Truth to tell, the wonder drugs and state-of-the-art surgeries of modern medicine, impressive as they are, have had less impact on death rates and longevity than the public-health revolution that followed the widespread acceptance of the germ theory of disease in the 1880s. As Herbert Northcott and Donna Wilson discuss in their insightful *Dying and Death in Canada*, the death rates for most infectious diseases (including diphtheria, tuberculosis, and puerperal fever) had already fallen precipitously before the advent of antibiotics and high-tech equipment.

Study of our ancestors' lives (or more accurately, their deaths) reminds us what a huge debt we owe to those who built our water and sewage systems, advocated antisepsis in medical procedures (including childbirth), immunized the general public against killer diseases and campaigned for safer workplaces and better nutrition. Poke fun, if you will, at the "nanny state," but many of us wouldn't be here without it.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant, and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.

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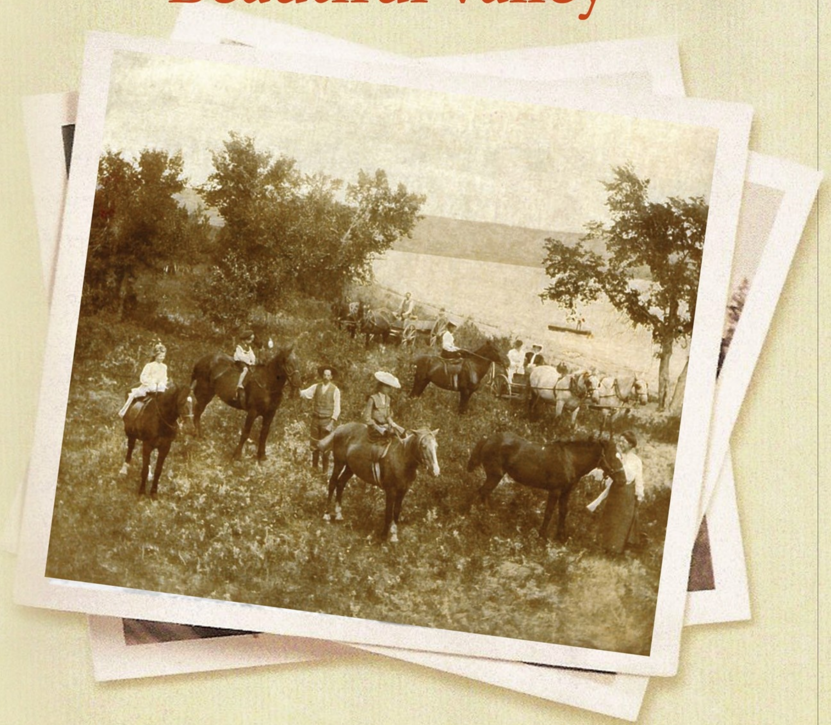
H.G. Bartlett's mother was Dolly Smales. Bartlett resides in Bay-Sah-Tah near Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan. Text by Beverley Tallon.

Beautiful valley



It was a fine day for a picnic when the Smales and Dale families met in the picturesque Qu'Appelle Valley, west of Fort Qu'Appelle, circa 1905. Shown wearing her best white dress is H.G. Bartlett's mother, Dolly (Dora) Smales, born in 1893 in Regina. Bartlett's uncle, Allister Smales, sits on his horse, which is being steadied by Bartlett's grandfather George M. Smales. Both men would serve overseas during WWI.

Bartlett's grandmother, Alice Smales, is seen in the buggy enjoying a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Dale, a Qu'Appelle Valley pioneer. Dale's daughters, Beatrice and Alice, are in the right foreground with their faithful horses. The Smales family arrived in Regina shortly after the building of the CPR but liked the Qu'Appelle Valley so much that they moved there in 1900.

The region was first home to Cree and Saulteaux buffalo hunters. The first North West Company fort was built in the area in 1787, and the last one closed in 1819. A Hudson's Bay Company fur trading post was established in 1864.

The valley region is as beautiful today as it ever was.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@Canada'sHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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